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The Republican.

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Are associated in the practice of their profession and will attend to all business connected to them, in the counties of the 12th Judicial Circuit, and adjoining counties in the Supreme Court of the state.

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Work executed in the most durable and scientific manner. Charges very moderate.

Long ago the khedive of Egypt was in a rage and dismissed several of his new court of appeals because they affirmed several judgments against his private Daira estate, and he would not permit execution.

But I was telling you about what we gave him. Well, Deane Stiles's daughter Sally made a drawing of the church, and framed it in pine cones, to hang in Mr. Ormsby's study, and the deacon, he sent us a cookin' stove out of his own kitchen. He'd just bought a new one for Miss Stiles, and he come over and put it up himself, which I thought was uncommon kind.

Then we took up a contribution to buy some furniture, but ready money was scarce just then, so we only raised enough to get a pair of china vases and an inkstand.

But Silas Hart, that sold 'em to us, was one of our members, so he threw in a chiny dog for the baby and a match box for the parson's wife.

Miss Jones and Uncle Midian sent in a new painted bedstead and a kitchen table, and so I told Ralph I'd give 'em a couple of kitchen chairs and our candle, the one we were both rocked in. So I did, and I pieced a real handsome little quilt for the cradle, a sunflower pattern, all out of spick and span new calico.

Well, it's most too bad to tell, but Miss Jones, who went to help Miss Ormsby get to rights, told me that she

THE OLD COUPLE.

It stands in a sunny meadow, The house so mossy and brown, With its numerous old stone chimneys, And its gray roof sloping down. The trees look their green arms around it, And the winds go chaunting through them, And the sunbeams drop their gold. The cowslips spring in the marshes, And the roses bloom on the hill, And beside the brook in the meadows, The herds go feeding at will. The children have gone and left them; They sit in the sun alone; And the old wife's eyes are falling, And she hearkens to the well known tone. That won her heart in her girlhood, That has soothed her in many a care, And prunes her now for the brightness Her old face used to wear. She thinks again of her brideal— How dressed in her role of white, She stood by her gay young lover In the morning's ray light. Oh! the morning is over, and the rose from her cheek has fled, And the sunbeams still are golden, But it falls on a silver head. And the girlhood dreams, once vanished, Come back in the winter time, Till her feeble pulses tremble, Like the thrill of spring-time prime. And looking forth from the window, She chide the trees that have grown Since, clad in her bridal whiteness, She crossed the old door stone. Though dimmed her eye's bright azure, And dimmed her hair's young gold, She has never grown dim of old. They sat in their place in sunshine, Till the day was almost done; And then, at its close, they moved, Side over the threshold stone. He folded their hands together— He touched their eyelids with his palm; And their last breath went upward, Like the close of a solemn psalm. Like a bridal pair they traversed The garden's path, and the beautiful city, "Whose better and kinder is God."

THE LAST DONATION.

BY MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

So many confused and contradictory rumors have been circulated about the last donation party at Willowbrook, that I (who have heard the whole story from my friend and neighbor Miss Mix) would like to give the world a plain, unvarnished account of the whole festivity. Let me, then, introduce my informant, Miss Melissa Mix, spinster, owning to forty, moderately well endowed with this world's goods, housekeeper and care-taker for her only brother Ralph, some years her senior, both of them prominent members of the Willowbrook church, and thus heralded, she shall tell you the story as she told me.

Of course we can't give our minister much of a salary, you know Miss Harwood; but we've always calculated to get a man whose heart wasn't set on filthy lucre, as the 'postle says.

I must own we hadn't had much success, for, would you believe it? out of five candidates that preached here the year we built the church, not one was willing to stay and do the Lord's work.

"Why, there's only about sixty families in our church, and it was settled the first winter that six dollars a family would be a fair tax, makin' high onto four hundred a year, you see; yet it's wonderful what trouble we've had to get a pastor.

Brother Ralph thought that maybe if we had a parsonage it would help us; so he and the other trustees bought that nice little cottage where Miss Grey used to live, with a hole rod of land belongin' to it; but, law! 'twas out of no use; none of 'em staid there out of no use; and I was clean discouraged.

When Mr. Ormsby came, nigh on three years ago, he seemed more reasonable than the rest, though he asked if we couldn't furnish part of the parsonage for him, as they was only new beginners, and hadn't much housekeepin' stuff.

Well, the ladies were so well pleased with him that they took right hold of the work (he was to come back in a fortnight) and got lots of things together. There was a handsome pin cushion made for each of the bedrooms—there's three on 'em in the house—and half a dozen tidies for the parlor, and a case for his shavin' paper, and all sent in the first week.

You've heard him preach Miss Harwood, and you know how interestin' he was, and what a beautiful reader and singer too. Why, I declare I took real comfort goin' to church and sittin' under such preachin'; and so we all did, I'm sure.

But I was tellin' you about what we gave him. Well, Deane Stiles's daughter Sally made a drawing of the church, and framed it in pine cones, to hang in Mr. Ormsby's study, and the deacon, he sent us a cookin' stove out of his own kitchen. He'd just bought a new one for Miss Stiles, and he come over and put it up himself, which I thought was uncommon kind.

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did not dreadful, and not a bit becomin' a minister's wife.

She went all around the house lookin' as if she was ready to cry, and at last she set down in the parlor on her trunk and began to laugh at the vases and the inkstand, and then wound up by findin' fault with the stove, which she said looked as if it came out of the ark.

I've always thought she made her husband discontented, for Mr. Ormsby was a meek, quiet, unselfish man, that he never would have made any trouble if she hadn't been always complainin' and puttin' him up to grumble.

But I'm wanderin' off from my story. I started to tell you about the donation party. You see, the first year we got along splendid with it, and I must say I never saw a better testable spread than we set that night for Mrs. Ormsby.

But that woman never could be satisfied, and she said afterward that it wouldn't take more than two such parties to ruin any family!

It seems she found fault because we all staid to tea with 'em, just as if we hadn't a right to our tea after sendin' in all the victuals for it.

"But I don't know as Aunt Betsy did do exactly right, for she took Mrs. Ormsby's preserves to put on the table, and they was all eat that night, and I s'pose that put her out some.

Well, as I was sayin', the second year come round, and it was read out in meeting, that the donation party would be given the next Friday.

Mr. Ormsby read the notice, and then he looked all around and cleared his throat two or three times, as if he had somethin' pertickler to say, but after waitin' a minute he changed his mind and sat down.

I thought he acted kinder queer, but I was quite taken up with noticin' Miss Ormsby. She got as red as could be, and when meetin' was dismissed she just hurried out as if she didn't want any one to speak to her.

Well, Friday came, and by three o'clock we were mostly at the parsonage. Mr. Ormsby looked dreadful sober, more as if it was funeral than merry-makin'. I must say; but his wife was awful.

She was just as huffy and short as she could be with everyone, and she went and looked the study door and put the key in her pocket right before us all, as if she was afraid we'd touch some of Mr. Ormsby's papers or books.

Bimeby we began to talk about settin' the table; so Aunt Betsy, Mandy Jones and me went out in the kitchen to unpack the contributions. There was some pertaters and turnips (them we put in the siller), a piece of corned beef, two or three billed hams, a pot of butter, some apple sass, a big cheese, and such a lot of biscuits it would have taken all night to count.

I began to be scart when we took out panful after panful of biscuits, and no cake to speak of. At last we came to Miss Jones' basket, and there we found molasses cookies.

I was glad enough I'd sent poundcake and crullers; but somehow when the table was ready, there was more biscuits on it than anything else, though we did the best we could.

Mr. Johnson sent tea and coffee from his store, besides sugar and crackers; and Amos Hull he brought a bag of nuts and some apples for the young folks after supper, he said.

There was so many there that we had to divide 'em into three lots, the dinin'-room bein' small; and it was most seven o'clock when they got through eatin'.

Aunt Betsy staid with me to clear up some; and I thought I never should get all the biscuits put away, for they most filled the pantry.

For all there had been so many eaten, yet there was piles and piles left, and as Aunt Betsy said, they wouldn't need to bake for a month to come.

It happened so that I didn't go out much the week after the donation party, but the second Sunday after, I started off goin' early for church, and as I turned the corner by the parsonage, I saw something that most took my breath away. Every one of them sharp-pointed pickets round the house and garden, had a good biscuit stuck right atop of it!

Yes, Miss Harwood, just as sure as you live, there was Aunt Betsy's nice raised biscuits—I could tell them by the shape—and Miss Hull's rusks, and Miss Stiles's soda biscuits, and every one of 'em wasted in that shameful way.

Well, I stood and looked—I hadn't the strength to move—and jined soon some of the ladies came along and pretty soon; and there we all stood till the last bell began to ring, talkin' the matter over, and feelin' pretty mad, I can tell you.

Mr. Ormsby had a good sermon that day, but I could hardly hear a word, my mind was so full of the biscuits.

Miss Ormsby wasn't there, and as soon as the last hymn was sung, he got up and said that he had a call from a church in the far west, and that he had made up his mind that it was his duty to accept it. He went on to say that he would like to go that same week, and then, without so much as tellin' us that he was sorry to leave us, or offerin' to wait until we could get some one else, he gave the benediction and dismissed us.

I can tell you there was talk enough

when we got out that mornin' and some of the folks thought we ought to 'pint a committee to ask Miss Ormsby about it, but brother Ralph said 'no; if they was goin', let 'em go peaceable; so they all agreed to say nothin' at all.

We heard afterward from little Johnny Hall, who was playin' near the parsonage late on Saturday afternoon, that Mr. Ormsby he brought the biscuits out in a big basket, and then Mrs. Ormsby she helped him to stick them in the pickets, and she laughed all the time as if it was a good joke.

I don't want to judge anybody, but I never did think that woman was fit for a minister's wife, and I don't think so now.

"Well, they moved off bag and baggage, on Wednesday of that week, and we've never heard from Mr. Ormsby since, and I don't know as we want to seein' he hurt our feelin's so, though we've never found as good a preacher as he was, and never will."

And this was Miss Melissa's story.—Hopper's Magazine.

MANNERS AT THE EXPOSITION.

The manners and opinions of the visitors to the exhibition furnish a good deal of interest to themselves. The occupants of rolling-chairs are unmistakably the object of a slight scorn to those on foot.

And, notwithstanding hundreds of daily instances to the contrary, the pedestrians are evidently persuaded that everybody in a chair is the victim of some strange malady or malady, and they cannot conceal their curiosity.

The interest taken in any purchase by the bystanders is so intense as to be painful to the purchaser. A ring forms immediately around the latter and the vender, which increases momentarily until the transaction is over, all hanging speechless on the dialogue between the two.

When this is carried on in a foreign language the audience looks discomfited and dispersed, as if balked of its rights. A lady acquaintance told me that just as her purchase was concluded and the article replaced in the case, so that it became indistinguishable among its fellows, a stranger of her own sex arrived on the scene, and seeing that it was too late, dogged her until they reached a secluded spot in one of the less frequented departments.

Then she accosted her in a low voice: "You bought something just now, is it not?" "Yes," "What was it?" But this inquisitiveness is generally sympathetic.

I witnessed the sale of an Indian shawl, at which the buyer was anxious to see it folded and tried on. A couple of good-natured young Englishmen, evidently novices in playing shopmen, were helplessly pulling it hither and thither, when a very nice looking, middle-aged woman, with an ardent gaze, stepped up from the circle, took it from their hands, gave it a tripe the proper twist, and then, turning about, deftly threw it over her shoulders, and stood there on exhibition until every body concerned or not concerned was satisfied.

That sort of record—to oblige is a characteristic of our country folk; but, both abroad and at home, it renders us liable to be imposed upon by foreigners, which it is to be observed at the exhibition in the conduct of the attendants.

A friend who has been at more than one of the European exhibitions, recognized in several of the departments men whom he had seen at Paris or Vienna, where they had been civility itself.

Under the influence of our good-natured democracy, they have become extremely impudent. On the other hand, the misconduct of one's own country people has a more pungent power of annoyance than any other; and I have seen handling articles the most easily broken or soiled, with a total disregard of the placards, where one would suppose to the commonest consideration placards would be superfluous.

I wish I could have felt certain that the person who ripped and shook every article in the Chinese annex was not a fellow countryman. Unfortunately, there could be no doubt of the nationality, of a pair, male and female, like the first gingers, who having broken down the protecting rope, were spreading themselves in their dusty clothes on the Gobelin sofas in the French department.

ORDERS FOR WOMEN.

French women are so far less fortunate than their sisters in most other continental countries that there is no special "order" or "decorations" for women in France, and it is a very rare thing for a lady to be awarded the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

At the present time there are not more than four or five ladies who possess this distinction, and one of them is an English woman, Lady Piggott, who tended the French wounded during the late war. The ladies who care for these outward and visible signs of social distinction must regret that they did not live two hundred years ago, when, if they had been lucky enough to win the good graces of the Duchesse de Maine, they would have been able to sport the order of the "Honey Fly."

The witty duchess, a granddaughter of the great Condé and wife of the Duc de Maine, the natural son of Louis XIV. and Mme. de Montespan, held a literary court of her own at Sceaux, and exercised with her courtiers all her ingenuity in inventing from time to time some new diversion. It occurred to her one day that she would institute an order of chivalry for both sexes, and call it the "Honey Fly" (Mouche a miel). The idea was taken from Tasso's life, "she is tiny, but she can inflict severe wounds," which had been applied to her on account of her diminutive stature and great powers of repartee.

The distinctive mark of the order was a gold medal with the effigy of the foundress, and upon the reverse the line quoted above. The members of the order had to take the following oath: "I swear by the bees of Mount Hymettus obedience and fidelity to the foundress of the order. I swear that all my life long I will wear the order of the Honey Fly and obey the statutes. If I am false to my oath may the honey become gall in my mouth, the wax tallow, the flowers nettles, and many wasps and hornets sting me." The costume of the order was a coat of cloth of gold spangled with silver bees for the chevaliers, and the ladies wore a robe of green satin embroidered with silver bees and a diadem of diamonds in emerald.

The institution of the order was a great success, and the first celebration of it lasted many days at the Chateau de Sceaux, which was the residence of the Duc and Duchesse de Maine; but the order did not outlive its foundress, whose later years were passed in serious study, and who had long ceased to wear the decoration."—London News.

It is evident that Austria's financial condition must forbid her from opposing Russia, even if she would break the tripartite alliance. A short time ago, at a cabinet council, it was resolved to cut down the expenses for 1877, as the minister of finance stated that the revenue was falling so far behind that reduction to a large extent was absolutely necessary.

Whatever Austria does will be done after an agreement with Russia and Germany according to the policy inaugurated at Salzburg, Ems, and at other conferences, which were the basis of the tripartite alliance. It is hardly possible that Austria approves of any addition to her territory from the Slav provinces, whatever may be her natural desire for it.

It has been bitterly opposed by the Magyars and German Austrians, who do not wish to see the already large Slav population increased by such territorial annexation. It is a painful situation for Francis Joseph, for if Russia says, "You may have Bosnia and Herzegovina," the Magyars and German Austrians may protest in the form of revolution; or if Austria declines to participate in the Russian divvy, her Slav population may largely emigrate to the new Slav state, in Turkey, if such a state is formed, under Russian auspices.

Mr. J. D. Hayes, of Detroit, read a paper on the subject of "Panics" before the American bankers' association at Philadelphia. Panics, he said, are not generally the products of the every day, fair, honorable, prudent business of the country. They are the offspring of abuses of credit, of sudden calamity, of widespread shrinkage of values, or of the exposure of some huge combination of speculators to force values. Generally speaking, panics and manias are very closely allied to each other. If not born twins, they seldom fail to meet in a financial crisis.

Panics may be classified into individual, local and general. Public or general panics are of slow growth. They contain under the cover of concealment the elements of widespread abuses among a large class of commercial and financial men, each of them seeking to make money out of the same transactions, consuming the substance at both ends until they meet in the middle and find but little or nothing left. When the actual situation is realized each dupe makes haste to get out whole, and the discovery is made that hundreds and thousands have been sailing in the same boat, which is fast sinking out of sight, leaving the commercial community floating about upon the great sea of uncertainty and doubt. Business moves slowly and cautiously for a long time to avoid the same kind of disaster, while in fact it may unconsciously be running into other dangers in the opposite direction as bad if not worse.

Mr. Hayes said that it was a settled principle that unproductive capital must reduce the owners of it to the necessity of living without it, and introduced the following table to show the amount of unproductive representation of capital in the United States, counting only the great losses:

Chicago fire in 1871, about \$175,000,000
Boston fire in 1872, about 65,000,000
Railroad stock paying no dividends, about 1,800,000,000
Railroad bonds in default, about 70,000,000
Vessel property paying nothing, about 600,000,000
Manufacturing establishments, about 500,000,000
Total, about \$3,540,000,000

The speaker closed with a reference to the influence which the bankers' association can exert to avert panics. "Power to let" should be the slogan to every place where productive labor can be used, and "money to let" should be the motto of every bank and capitalist who is fully

genuity in inventing from time to time some new diversion.

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AFFAIRS IN AUSTRIA.

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CAUSE OF PANICS.

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satisfied that it will be properly used to reproduce wealth and to give prosperity to the land.

Madame Pierret is just now finishing the trousseau for a Michigan bride, a daughter of an ex-governor, and is also making dresses for the bride's mother and the bridesmaids, and it is really a rare treat just to look at such artistically elegant garments. The bride has seventeen dresses, blissful soul, and they each have equal attractions, so if one should try to describe the prettiest, she could not possibly make up her mind which it should be. The bridal dress of heavy white silk is embroidered with leaves of white jet, which look like frost work, and is exquisitely decorated with fringes of orange blossoms. A lovely dress of light blue brocade and silk is made with a polonaise, which is draped with a charming grace, and trimmed with rich Valenciennes lace, plaitings of a silk and satin of the same shade. The underskirt is trimmed in a novel manner, bands of lappels of alternate silk and satin, edged with two styles of fringe, falling over a knife-plaited flounce of silk. Very large flowers are used for decoration. An elegant wrapper of white crepe de laine is made simply in the Gabrielle style, and trimmed with torgion lace, which is wrought by hand with cardinal silk. The street costumes are simply extremely elegant, and the reception dresses are superb. Among the outside garments is a very handsome mantle of black cloth, trimmed with heavy jet braid. Jet is said to be in great favor once more, and indeed, the streets of Paris have never ceased to sparkle with it, though we have been considering it decidedly passe here. The opera cloak of a heavy white silk called fauconne, is made in the mantle style, with two large square pockets on either side, and trimmed with a border of needlework in lovely shaded tints and a superb fringe. The under garments fairly takes one's breath away with admiration, they are so rich and dainty—the silken hose being embroidered in colors to match each costume.

THOUSAND FOR A MICHIGAN BRIDE.

From the Boston Sunday Courier.

Madame Pierret is just now finishing the trousseau for a Michigan bride, a daughter of an ex-governor, and is also making dresses for the bride's mother and the bridesmaids, and it is really a rare treat just to look at such artistically elegant garments. The bride has seventeen dresses, blissful soul, and they each have equal attractions, so if one should try to describe the prettiest, she could not possibly make up her mind which it should be. The bridal dress of heavy white silk is embroidered with leaves of white jet, which look like frost work, and is exquisitely decorated with fringes of orange blossoms. A lovely dress of light blue brocade and silk is made with a polonaise, which is draped with a charming grace, and trimmed with rich Valenciennes lace, plaitings of a silk and satin of the same shade. The underskirt is trimmed in a novel manner, bands of lappels of alternate silk and satin, edged with two styles of fringe, falling over a knife-plaited flounce of silk. Very large flowers are used for decoration. An elegant wrapper of white crepe de laine is made simply in the Gabrielle style, and trimmed with torgion lace, which is wrought by hand with cardinal silk. The street costumes are simply extremely elegant, and the reception dresses are superb. Among the outside garments is a very handsome mantle of black cloth, trimmed with heavy jet braid. Jet is said to be in great favor once more, and indeed, the streets of Paris have never ceased to sparkle with it, though we have been considering it decidedly passe here. The opera cloak of a heavy white silk called fauconne, is made in the mantle style, with two large square pockets on either side, and trimmed with a border of needlework in lovely shaded tints and a superb fringe. The under garments fairly takes one's breath away with admiration, they are so rich and dainty—the silken hose being embroidered in colors to match each costume.

An editor in Reading advertised the other day that "he would take a good dog in payment of one year's subscription for his paper. The next day forty-three dogs were sent to the office. The day afterward, when the news had spread out into the country, four hundred farmers had sent two dogs apiece by express with eight baskets full of puppies, all marked C. O. D. In the meantime the offer found its way into neighboring states, and before the end of the week there were eight thousand dogs tied up with ropes in the front and back yards. The assortment included all the kinds, from bloodhounds down to poodles. A few hundred broke loose and swarmed on the stairways and in the entries, and stood outside the sanctum and howled, and had fights, and sniffed under the crack of the door as if they were hungry for some editor. And the editor climbed out on the window, up the water-spout, and out on the comb of the roof and wept. There was no issue of the paper for six days, and the only way the friends of the eminent journalist could feed him was by sending lunch up to him in balloons. At last somebody bought a barrel of arsenic and three tons of beef, and poisoned the dogs; and the editor came down only to find on his desk a bill from the Mayor for eight thousand dollars, being the municipal tax on dogs at one dollar per head. He is not offering the same inducements to subscribers now, and he doesn't want a dog.—New Yorker.

MORE DOGS THAN HE WANTED.

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THE WEALTH OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

From the Hay Standard.

There will be shown in New South Wales this year, 1876, upwards of 25,000,000 sheep, yielding approximately above 125,000,000 pounds of wool, equal

WITNESSES
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 100. ~~James H. H. H. H.~~

The Republican.

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F. & L. W. CRANT.

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OUR FIRST GRAY HAIR.

As the first big pattern, upon that fall.

With a splash on our faces, and

Make us shiver and start, as they warn us all

Of a storm or of coming rain.

So it is with life when we're growing old.

And we steal an unheeded

We shiver and start, if the truth be told.

At the sight of our first gray hair.

We mark not the flight of the noonday hours.

Like the first streaks the dawn dust bring;

We feel not the birth of the summer flowers

As we do the first snow drop of spring.

On the bleak winter wind we look not with grief,

Though it howl through the branches bare.

But we sigh when we witness the brown autumn

And behold Nature's first gray hair.

Gray hairs may come when the learning eye

Has none of its brightness left.

When with innocent heart we would fain deny

Youth's illusion had been a dream.

But the ivy-clad tree looks young and green,

Though a sapling trunk be there.

And amidst of decay on our cheek may be seen

When we witness our first gray hair.

Oh a noble crown to a noble life

Is a head of silver gray.

And 'tis well if third with the struggle and strife

It finds rest at the close of day.

But gray-headed age is a crowning curse,

And the secret of dark despair.

And it gives us a pang, oh, doubly worse,

Than the sight of the first gray hair.

Come early, come late, like a knock at the gate

Is that first soft, silver thread.

And it joins with its silver the years that wait

With the years forever fled.

It silently tells us we're journeying on—

It silently tells us where?

Oh a faithful mirror, more the truth but

Known.

Is seen in our first gray hair.

—Walter C. Howden.

TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN

When they reached the depot, Mr.

Man and his wife gazed in unspoken

disappointment at the receding train,

which was fast pulling away from the

bridge with at the rate of a thousand

miles a minute. Their first impulse was

to run after it, but as the train was out

of sight and whistling for Sagetown be-

fore they could act upon the impulse,

they remained in the carriage and

disconsolately turned the horse's heads

homeward.

"It all comes from having to wait for

a woman to get ready," Mr. Man broke

the silence with, very grimly.

"I was ready before you were," replied

his wife.

"Great heavens!" cried Mr. Man, in

irrepressible impatience, jerking the

horses' jaws out of place, "just listen to

that! And I sat out in the lugey

ten minutes, yelling at you to come

along until the whole neighborhood heard

me!"

"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. Man, with the

provoking placidity which no one can

assume but a woman, "and every time

I started down stairs you sent me back for

something you had forgotten."

Mr. Man groaned. "This is too much

to bear," he said, "when every body

knows that I was going to Europe, I

would just rush into the house, put on

a clean shirt, grab up my grip sack, and

fly, while you would want at least six

months for preliminary preparations,

and then dawdle around the whole day

of starting until every train had left

town."

Well, the upshot of the matter was,

that the Mans put off their visit to

"Because," said Mrs. Man, sweetly,

after a deliberate stare at the fidgetting,

impatient man, during which she but-

toned her dress and put eleven pins

where they would do the most good,

"because you have got the shift on

wrong side out."

"Where are my shirt studs?" he

cried.

Mrs. Man went out into another room

and presently came back with her gloves

and hat, and saw Mr. Man emptying all

the boxes he could find in and about the

bureau. Then she said:

"In the shirt you just took off."

Mrs. Man put on her gloves while Mr.

Man hunted up and down the room for

his cuff-buttons.

"Eleanor," he snarled, at last, "I be-

lieve you must know where those but-

tons are."

"I haven't seen them," said the lady,

settling her hat; didn't you lay them

down on the window sill in the sit-

ting room last night?"

Mr. Man remembered, and went down

stairs on a run. He stepped on one of

his boots, and was immediately landed

in the hall at the foot of the stairs with

neatness and dispatch, attended in the

transmission with more bumps than he

could count with Webb's adder, and

landed with a bang like the hell gate ex-

plosion.

"Are you nearly ready, Alergon?"

asked the wife of his family sweetly, lean-

ing over the banisters.

The unhappy man groaned. "Can't

you throw me down at that other boot?"

Mrs. Man pityingly kicked it down

to him.

"My valise?" he inquired, as he

tugged away at the boot.

"Up in your dressing-room," she an-

swered.

"Packed?"

"I do not know; unless you packed it

yourself, probably not," she replied, with

her hands on the door-knob; "I had

barely time to pack my own."

She was passing out of the gate when

the door opened and she shouted:

"Where in the name of goodness did

you put my valise? It has all my money

in it."

"You threw it on the rack," she called

back; "good by, my dear."

Before she got to the corner of the

street she was hailed again.

"Eleanor! Eleanor! Man! did you

wear off my coat?"

She paused and turned, after signaling

the street car to stop, and cried:

"You threw it on the silver closet."

And the street car engaged her grace-

ful figure and she was seen no more.

But the neighbors say they heard Mr.

Man charging up and down the house,

rushing out at the front door every now

and then and shrieking up the deserted

streets after the unconscious Mrs. Man,

to know where his hat was, and where

she put the valise key, and it he had any

clean socks and underclothes, and that

there wasn't a linen collar in the house.

And when he went away at last, he left

the kitchen door, side door, and front

door, all the downstairs windows and the

front gate open. And the loungers

around the depot yesterday were some-

what amazed, just as the train was pull-

ing out of sight down in the yards, to

see a flushed, perspiring man, with his

hat on sideways, his vest buttoned two

buttons too high, his cuffs unbuttoned

same time, asking me if I had hold of the

box. I answered back: "Yes, I have."

"Hold on to it," says he, "I will pick you

up." I got it under my chest and it

supported me pretty well, and I could

keep my head toward the sea by swim-

ming with my legs just enough to do so.

Otherwise I would have been swept off

by the heavy seas, for some of them did

sweep over me, nearly strangling me and

taxing my strength. The box and the

words of cheer my brother, the captain,

gave, sustained me with the hope and

THE SITUATION.

The situation has not changed materially since our last. The whole of the Presidential complications are now referred to Congress for solution. The Radicals, after their first shock, affect not to care for the turn affairs have taken in Oregon, and boldly proclaim that the President of the Senate will open and count only the return of the Hayes electors of that State and pay no attention to the return of the electors having certificates from Gov. Grover. To this proceeding they apprehend the House will object, but it is their intention to entertain no objections either in regard to the vote of Oregon or any other State, but to go straight forward over all opposition and complete the count and leave it to Grant and the army to inaugurate Hayes whom they will declare elected.

To this the Democrats will, of course, oppose a scheme of their own, which, in such an event, will probably be to declare no choice made by the Electoral College and proceed forthwith to elect a President by the House—Mr. Tilden.

It is said the National Democratic Executive Committee will soon issue an address to the people announcing Gov. Tilden's election by 185 electoral votes on the face of the returns and by 204 votes under a fair count. It is also said the Democrats in Congress will take similar ground and advise the people to meet and elect delegates to State Conventions about the 9th of January to concert measures for the public safety. It is also authoritatively stated that Mr. Tilden claims his election and intends to be inaugurated, let come what may.

In Chicago the first popular movement of a series to follow has been set on foot in the shape of mass meetings to urge Democratic members of Congress to stand firm whatever the consequences may be. This may be necessary to strengthen the backs of the Northern members, but those from the South need no such extraneous influences to enable them to stand up to duty. In the meantime party lines in Congress are sharply drawn on the issue, and it now seems that trouble can only be averted by a square back down on one side or the other.

President Grant, who has been drinking deeply the last few days, has lost his habitual reticence and uttered some of the most revolutionary imitations that have ever come from the White House. He boldly supports the South Carolina usurper, contemns the Supreme Court, vituperates the Northern Democracy, defies Congress to impeach him, threatens to order more troops to Washington, and closes his remarkable language which he himself has published through the associated press, with the paradox that he intends to have peace, if he has to fight for it.

In the meantime the Congressional Committees have reached South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana, in which last named State they have been delayed by the Returning Board, who, no doubt, are acting under instructions from Washington.

Since the above has been put in type the National Democratic Executive Committee have issued their address claiming the election of Tilden; and the State Executive Committee of Indiana have met and passed a resolution advising the people of that State to hold conventions at each county seat Dec. 22d to select and instruct delegates to assemble in State convention at Indianapolis January 5th to consider public affairs and take such action as will secure a full execution of the Constitution and laws.

Gov. Hartranft, (Radical,) of Pennsylvania, has been re-elected by the State to the office of Governor. He has 64,000 well armed and organized men ready for duty. Grant is dejected in the dispatches of the 13th as most eager for war.

Gov. Hayes has at last spoken, and declares that he believes himself elected and expects to be inaugurated.

The Democratic Congressional caucus has determined to issue such an address to the people as is spoken of above, and has set the 8th day of January as the day for the State conventions. In the course of the caucus proceedings Speaker Randall, who had visited Mr. Tilden the day before, made a most pointed speech, in which he said Mr. Tilden was no coward and trimmer, and reported him as saying that he had not long to live any way and was "willing to accept the personal risk of defending the cause of the people, and that if they are stricken down by a military despotism, it shall not be his fault."

Heaven only knows how matters will eventuate. Of this, though, we are certain: the last hope of free government in this country depends upon the representatives of the people. If truth and right are not made to give way to a miserable expediency in their councils, the people will lack them, and bring the conspirators against the peace and liberties of the country to condign punishment. We do not know that the South, should, at this particular juncture, be too forward in proclaiming her intentions and the spirit that animates her people; but it may as well be understood first and last, since the Radicals are saying that the South will not fight, if the emergency does arise requiring the shedding of blood, those of us who love the banner and heat of the last civil war will cheerfully make a second sacrifice of all our individual aims, hopes, aspirations and treasures, and again pledge our lives to maintain the Constitution and country of our fathers.

Peace-at-any-price Democrats in Congress will never be returned by their constituents.

Over 300 people were burned to death in the Brooklyn (N. Y.) theatre last week.

LETTER FROM MONTGOMERY.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., Dec. 12th.

MISSISS. EDITORS.—Gen. Jos. E. Johnston spent a few days in the city last week. I called on him at the Confederate club in the Exchange hotel on purpose to interview him on the situation, with the intention of giving the public the result of that interview. I was received by him with that marked courtesy for which he is so distinguished. After a very pleasant conversation, I interviewed the General as to his opinion upon the situation. He respectfully declined to venture an opinion. He said that it was apparent to all that the country, politically, was out at sea, and no human sagacity could foresee the destiny of the country. His home is in Savannah, Ga., and he is traveling in the interest of a large commercial firm in that city, with which he is connected. He retains in a remarkable degree his vigor, looking quite as well as when last I met him in 1865.

The House has been engaged, part of this week on a bill creating a new county taken from Blount, Morgan and Winston, to be called Callahan county, on the S. & N. R. R., which has been built within the last five years by a coalition of the South and North. The Senate will likely pass before the Christmas recess.

The July bill, of which I spoke in my last, passed the Senate yesterday, and is creating quite a stir in the Radical nests in South Alabama. The four Radicals in the Senate today presented a long protest and had it entered on the journal.

The bill changing the time of holding the courts in the 12th Judicial Circuit only awaits the approval of the Governor to become a law. The time of holding the courts under the new law in Callahan is the second Monday in April and October, and in Cleburne the third Mondays in March and September.

The school bill and the Revenue bill will not be perfect until after the recess. It is conceded now that the rate of taxation will be reduced to six-tenths of one per cent. The exemptions, however, will be cut down.

A bill passed the House to day and will pass the Senate before the recess continuing County Superintendents temporarily.

A number of gentlemen are asking recommendation at the hands of the General Assembly for Federal position in case Mr. Tilden is inaugurated President.

The State Senate convened to-day at 12 o'clock in this city with W. H. Chambers, Master, presiding. About 20 delegates are present with the prospect of a larger number to-morrow. The representative element of that order is composed of an intelligent assemblage of gentlemen, who promise to do for the future Agricultural interests of the country.

Young Dr. Porter, of your town, and R. C. Johnson, of White Plains have been in the city several days. They have been and are doing a lucrative business in the sale of medicinal preparations, and in selling county rights to same.

THE PERIL OF THE HOUR.

The New York Herald is alarmed at the turn affairs have taken and thinks a war more sanguinary than the last imminent. The remedy of the Herald is for Grant to resign and turn over the reins of Government to a civilian, but this would be only a temporary expedient.

We are approaching a dangerous crisis. Our institutions are about to undergo the severest strain ever put upon them. The ship is in the straits of waters, which dash and roar around the borders of the Republic, even if it is not already within the edge of the grinding current, which may whirl it round and round with ever increasing force and velocity until it is swallowed up in the fatal vortex. For the first time in our history the Presidential election has been so divided that it is entirely possible that a contest will ensue.

Our country is now in a dangerous position. The contest is now in the hands of the people. The ship is in the straits of waters, which dash and roar around the borders of the Republic, even if it is not already within the edge of the grinding current, which may whirl it round and round with ever increasing force and velocity until it is swallowed up in the fatal vortex. For the first time in our history the Presidential election has been so divided that it is entirely possible that a contest will ensue.

Consider what a campaign of quibbling and evasion has been going on in the Republic, which closed in November. What took place in Oregon on Wednesday is a natural sequel to the quibbling and evasion which have been going on in the Republic. The Radicals in Florida, who believe that the only name would have been resorted to if the success of the Democratic candidate had not seemed to be suspended on a single vote? Who believes that the Southern rising boards would have thrown out the Tilden vote if the election of Hayes had not been staked on those three States? State rights, State laws and Federal laws have been alike warped and twisted in the desperate struggle of mercenary politicians for success.

A bold and more native trick in Oregon on the other side, uncertainty as to the real state of the vote in Louisiana, Florida and South Carolina; disputes as to the twenty-second joint rule; disputes as to the power of one or both houses to reject the certificates of the Electoral College; propositions for electing a new President pro tempore of the Senate, to inherit the office of President if there should be no choice; claims that the House of Representatives have the sole power of deciding whether an emergency has been declared; and the whole of the situation which make "confusion worse confounded" and free-shadow a pandemonium of angry strife in the closing month of President Grant's administration. It resembles the scene in "Macbeth" when the king, who had been plotting mischief in the disposal of a crown, flung their monstrous ingredients into the horrible hellmouth that was brewing, and all joined in the chorus after the contribution of each infernal ingredient.

In greater or less degree of great public peril there is generally a scene of confusion, perhaps from the confusion, the level of the occasion. Such a man is now, G. W. Wade Hampton.

Double, double, toil and trouble. Fire burn and caldron bubble.

The fab of the wiles was the poet's striking mode of representing the seditions and hell-born passions which agitate ambitious human minds and spur them on in a mad pursuit of power. We have as many ingredients of trouble and mischief in our seething political caldron as those odious midnight hags threw in to their. Our powder may be led on, step by step, as Macbeth was, horrors not contemplated in the beginning. There is no passion so dominating and remorseless as ambition inflamed by hope, and this passion, like the demons in sacred writ, may take possession of our politicians and "blow them wither or blow them hither." He who is so far he may be hurried when he is once drawn within the edge of the maelstrom. He may intend only one or two giddy whirls around its outer border, but the force of the revolving current may narrow the circles until he is engulfed in its voracious vortex. A maelstrom is not a thing to be played with, and this country, with its precious freight of popular institutions, is already on the perilous borders of a mighty political maelstrom. The waters above the Niagara rapids are smooth enough in appearance, but the fact is that beneath their seeming smoothness is a current to be swept down the cataract. Let nobody be deceived by the peaceful profession and intentions of our political parties. The country needs peace, before in such peril as it is at present.

THE RESULT.

THE ELECTORAL VOTE CAST ON THE 6TH OF DECEMBER.

Below will be found the electoral vote cast by the electors of the several States on Wednesday. They show for Tilden 185 votes by electors who hold the legal certificates of the Governors of their respective States. Three of the States which are counted for Hayes have two sets of electors who aim to be elected; in Florida and set holding the certificates of the Governor and the other that of the Attorney-General; in Louisiana one set holding the certificate of the acting Governor, and another set of members of the Louisiana Congressional committee, in discharging the duties of the office to which he was never elected, and the other set holding certificates of the Governor who was turned out of office by the military.

States	Hayes & Wheeler	Tilden & Hendricks
Alabama	10	6
Arkansas	8	6
California	9	5
Connecticut	8	5
Delaware	3	3
Georgia	11	5
Illinois	21	11
Indiana	15	11
Iowa	11	5
Kansas	11	5
Louisiana	12	8
Maine	8	5
Maryland	12	8
Massachusetts	12	8
Michigan	11	11
Minnesota	11	11
Mississippi	11	11
Missouri	11	11
Montana	3	3
New Hampshire	3	3
New Jersey	11	11
New York	35	21
North Carolina	10	10
Ohio	23	19
Oregon	12	12
Pennsylvania	29	29
Rhode Island	4	4
South Carolina	7	7
South Dakota	3	3
Texas	10	10
Vermont	3	3
Wisconsin	10	10
Total	185	184

Tilden and Hendricks over Hayes and Wheeler. In addition to the above vote for Mr. Tilden the electors who received the majority of the vote cast in Louisiana have in their certificates signed the names of Hayes and Wheeler, and also the electors claiming to have received a majority of the vote cast in Florida and South Carolina have not cast their votes for Tilden and Hendricks. Should this be decided in favor of the Democratic electors, Mr. Tilden will have 204 votes to Hayes' 185.

THE RETURNING BOARD.

A Few Specimen Opinions Taken From Leading Opposition Journals.

Philadelphia Inquirer (Dem.)—The vote is a close one, and the returning boards of the three doubtful States, especially of South Carolina and Louisiana, will be abundantly occupied with their work. The returning boards of the doubtful States will be abundantly occupied with their work. The returning boards of the doubtful States will be abundantly occupied with their work.

Philadelphia Times (Ind.)—To attempt to divide into the Presidency of the United States by the votes of the doubtful States is a task of no small magnitude. The returning boards of the doubtful States will be abundantly occupied with their work. The returning boards of the doubtful States will be abundantly occupied with their work.

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An exchange very appropriately says that a clergyman, being read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because it reads of names and things which are familiar, and it will progress accordingly. A newspaper, in one year, is worth a quarter's schooling to a child. Every father must consider that his children are connected with advancement. The nothing of a family being one of its head, and having a more immediate charge of children, should himself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children must be by reading or study, and of course, more considerate and more easily governed.

Resolutions of Cave Creek Church on the Death of Rev. J. C. McAuley.

WHEREAS, We, the members of the Cave Creek Church, in view of our sad and unexpected bereavement in the removal by death of our beloved pastor, Rev. J. C. McAuley. Resolved 1st, That in this dispensation of Divine providence, we have sustained an irreparable loss. Resolved 2nd, That we bow with deep and heartfelt grief to this great calamity, feeling that our loss is no common one. For we ever found in our beloved pastor a sympathetic friend, in whom we could confide all our trials, and to the younger members he was as a dear father, upon whom they looked with reverence and love. Resolved 3rd, That his name was a "household word," and had a charm for all, even for the little ones, for whom he had a pleasant smile and gentle, loving care. Resolved 4th, That although his death has shrouded us in deepest gloom, we are satisfied that "our loss is his eternal gain." Resolved 5th, That we tender to his family our deep and abiding sympathy.

By order of session of ruling elders, WILEY GLOVER, J. H. HUBBARD.

Tribute of Respect.

A called meeting of Ladoga Grange on Dec. 10th, 1876, the following preamble and resolutions were offered and unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, He has pleased our Heavenly Master to call from our midst our worthy Father, Bro. M. S. Stewart, therefore Resolved that we bow with humble submission to this dispensation of Divine Providence, believing as we do that our worthy brother has been taken from the cares, sorrows and pains of this world to that bright and happy abode prepared for those who do his will. Resolved, That in Bro. Stewart we have a life worthy of our imitation. His path led far away from the maelstrom of this life, but he failed not to leave a reverent sphere in which he moved and acted. He was good and true and kind, and on his dying couch of pain he would look back over the years of his life and truly say, "I never did any man an intentional wrong."

Resolved, That we tender to the faithful mother and sisters of our deceased brother our heart sympathy and condolence in their great bereavement, and beseeched if we follow his example, we shall soon meet him again, for he has only "crossed the river to rest in the shadow."

Resolved, That a blank page be left in our Grange book in memory of our brother, and that a copy of these resolutions be furnished the family of deceased, and published in the Jacksonville Republican and Southern Patriot.

A. M. STEWART, W. GLOVER, Secy.

CRITICISM.

Editor of cheap paper Jacksonville, Ala.:—I have just received your issue of the 10th inst. and I must say that I am disappointed. I have been expecting to find a paper of some value, but I find it to be a mere collection of scraps and fragments, and I am sorry to say that it is a paper of no value.

Resolved, That we tender to the faithful mother and sisters of our deceased brother our heart sympathy and condolence in their great bereavement, and beseeched if we follow his example, we shall soon meet him again, for he has only "crossed the river to rest in the shadow."

Resolved, That a blank page be left in our Grange book in memory of our brother, and that a copy of these resolutions be furnished the family of deceased, and published in the Jacksonville Republican and Southern Patriot.

Just Received,

By Dr. J. C. FRANCIS. A Large Assortment of Fresh & Choice FAMILY GROCERIES. Apples, Grapes, Lemons, very Large and Fine. A superior article of CHEESE, CONFECTIONARIES, Beautiful TOYS, and other articles for Christmas Presents. TOBACCO and CIGARS, a superior article. Dec. 16, '76.

CHRISTMAS.

Fresh Family Groceries. Beautiful TOYS and Christmas Goods, SUGAR & COFFEE, Sugar House MOLASSES, Cheese, BACON, LARD, FLOUR, Corn MEAL, and various articles of Country Produce for Family use. Just Received and for sale at low prices. Call soon and supply yourselves while our stock is full. H. FITZ.

Brick store, east side public square, Jacksonville, Dec. 16, 1876.—Jm.

WATER WORKS.

It will be recalled by the Town Council that on January 1st, 1877 for the LEASE of Waterworks for the year 1877, the Council will reserve the privilege of rejecting any and all bids. For specifications, enquire of Dr. J. C. FRANCIS. Dec. 23, 1876.—Jm.

TAKE NOTICE.

I will apply to the present General Assembly to compensate me for the time and expenses incurred by me in the State prisoners during the Paton trial. W. A. STEWART.

"BLUE MOUNTAIN ROUTE."

St. Louis, Rome and Dalton Railroad.

TIME TABLE, No. 27.

In Effect Sunday, Dec. 10, 1876.

TRAINS SOUTH.		TRAINS NORTH.	
Mail Daily.	STATIONS.	Mail Daily.	
5.30 p.m. Lv.	St. Louis.	At 5.30 a.m.	
5.45	Ala. Cent. Junc.	8.45	
6.45	Plantersville.	8.50	
6.55	Randolph.	9.00	
7.05	Monticello.	9.10	
7.15	Colonia.	9.20	
7.25	Colonia.	9.30	
7.35	Wilsonville.	9.40	
7.45	Chilchuburg.	9.50	
7.55	Appling.	10.00	
8.05	Taladega.	10.10	
8.15	Oxford.	10.20	
8.25	Valdosta.	10.30	
8.35	Jacksonville.	10.40	
8.45	Potomac.	11.30 p.m.	
8.50	Stoneview.	10.44	
8.55	Cave Spring.	9.57	
9.00	St. Louis.	9.10	
8.58	Plainville.	8.10	
8.52	Sugar Valley.	7.45	

USEFUL RECIPES.

To Cook Tough Meat.

All kinds of poultry and meat can be cooked quicker by adding to the water in which they are boiled a little vinegar or piece of a lemon. By the use of an acid there will be considerable saving of fuel as well as shortening of time. Its action is beneficial on old, tough meats, rendering them quite tender and easy to be digested. Tinted meats and fowls will lose their bad taste and odor if cooked in this way, and if not used too freely, no taste of it will be acquired.

Rice and Corn Bread.

One cupful of boiled rice; one-fourth of a cupful of melted butter; two large cupfuls of white corn meal; a teaspoonful of salt; three eggs beaten separately; three cupfuls of sour milk, and a small teaspoonful of soda. Stir the meal in the milk, add the yolks, rice and salt, butter and soda. Beat the whites well and mix them lightly in the batter. Bake quickly in deep tin pie plates. You can use sweet milk and omit the soda, but sour is better.

To Prevent Chapping.

Use a lotion of alum in water, applied with a rag before retiring. A piece of alum as large as a hazelnut, dissolved in a half pint of water, is sufficient. It will quickly heal excoriated skin and harden the unbranded cuticle. The use of this for years with the most beneficial results, is sufficient authority for a trial. It is good also for tender feet and soft corns.

Good Paste.

A lady of very decided taste desires us to tell our readers of a durable paste for scrap books, which she makes after the following fashion: Take half pint of water, dissolve in it a half pint of water, is sufficient. It will quickly heal excoriated skin and harden the unbranded cuticle. The use of this for years with the most beneficial results, is sufficient authority for a trial. It is good also for tender feet and soft corns.

Important Management of Dishes.

A good set of dishes will last for ages, if properly handled. We have heard of an excellent housekeeper whose bridal dishes, thirty years old, are in excellent condition to-day, although they have been in use every week, more or less, during all the time allotted to her. In a common dinner service it is a great evil to make the plates too hot, as it invariably cracks the glaze on the surface, if not the plate itself. We all know the result. It comes apart. Nobody looks at it. "It was cracked before," or "it cracked a long time ago." The fact is, when the glaze is injured, every time the "things" are washed the water gets to the interior, swells the porous clay, and makes the whole fabric rotten. In this condition they will also absorb grease, and when exposed to further heat the grease makes the dishes brown and discolored. If an old, ill-used dish be made very hot indeed, a teaspoonful of fat will be seen to exude from the minute fissures upon its surface.—*Practical Housewife.*

How to Harden Butter.

An English butter-maker of large experience, who is now on a visit to the United States for the purpose of looking over the cheese and butter dairies, gives us the following information concerning a method in practice among the butter-makers in England, for rendering butter firm and solid during the hot weather. Carbonate of soda and alum are used for the purpose, made into powder. For twenty pounds of butter one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda and one teaspoonful of powdered alum are mingled together at the time of churning, and put into the cream. The effect of this powder is to make the butter come firm and solid, and give it a clean, sweet flavor. It does not enter into the butter, but its action is upon the cream, and it passes off with the buttermilk. The ingredients of the powder should be mixed together and then applied to the cream, or at the time the cream is in the churn ready for churning.—*Livingston Gazette.*

Weak Nerves.

The Science of Health gives the following directions for the treatment of weak nerves: You must conform to the habits of hygiene, eating food which contributes these elements necessary for the building up and invigoration of bone, muscle, and nerve, and avoid all heating or stimulating preparation of food.

To Remove Asthma.

Soak some blotting paper in a strong solution of sulphate of iron, dry it, and place it over your head, and on going to bed light it, and lay it on a plate in your bedroom. By so doing persons afflicted with the asthma will find that they can sleep almost as well as when in health.

To Test Eggs.

As it is desirable in packing eggs for winter use to put up more than good ones, I try mine by rolling up a pamphlet or an almanac just large enough to slip an egg in at one end. Look through this toward the light, and if the egg is fresh, it will look perfectly clear; if stale, it looks dark. This is an excellent test—almost infallible.—*Practical Housewife.*

Food in the Throat.

It is worth while to know what to do if a fish-bone or a portion of food sticks in the throat, for unless there is prompt action, life may be lost. A smart blow between the shoulders will frequently dislodge the substance. If any attempt to swallow can be made, a large piece of butter put into the mouth will help the offending substance to pass down the throat more easily. If no attempt can be made to swallow, put the finger down the throat as far as possible, and en-

deavor to pull out the bone or meat, or tickle the throat to produce immediate vomiting.

To Purify a Sick-Room.

If onions are sliced and kept in a sick-room they will absorb all the atmospheric poison. They should be changed every hour. In the room of a small-pox patient they blister and decompose very rapidly, but will prevent the spread of the disease. Their application has also proved effectual in the case of snake bites.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The membership of the Presbyterian church of Iowa is 17,622.

There are now one hundred and twenty Chinese students in the colleges of New England.

No college in the United States provides instruction in architecture.

Out of fifteen lady applicants for admission to Michigan university none were rejected.

The reformed Episcopal church has bought a site at Charleston, S. C., for their proposed new school to train colored men for the ministry.

The monument to Bishop Allen, contributed by the colored Methodists to the centennial celebration, has been completed.

One million copies of a new tract on Christian life and consecration are to be gratuitously circulated throughout the Methodist churches this fall.

President Scott, of the Pennsylvania central railroad, has given \$10,000 to the central fund in aid of the Washington and Lee university at Lexington, Va.

The southern Presbyterian church is rapidly extending its works among the colored people. Its presbyteries have recently licensed a number of colored men to work among their own people as evangelists.

A novel scene at Woonsocket, R. I., a few days ago, was the sale by a sheriff of the Spring street chapel and fixtures for pay four hundred dollars due on the salary of a former pastor, Rev. Mr. Douglass, of Minneapolis, Minn. The sum obtained was five hundred and seventy-four dollars.

The missionaries of the Sunday-school union, in Illinois, reports that there are entire townships in that state that have no Sunday-schools. This is bad for the "latter-day Sunday-school state of the west."

The French minister of public instruction has appointed a lady director of the girls' Normal school at Auxerre. This is said to be the first time such a distinction has been conferred on a female in France.

The position of bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India has been offered to the venerable Edward Ralph Johnson, archdeacon of Chester. It is thought that the archdeacon will accept the office.

The anti-mission—vulgarily known as the "hard-shell Baptist"—are no longer reported with other Baptists in the year book issued by the Baptist publication society. Their number is still considerable in the south; in the whole United States it is 41,451.

A large number of missionaries have sailed recently for foreign fields. The Baptist missionary union has sent out eleven for Burmah and South America; the Presbyterian board six for India, China and Japan; and the Methodist society five for India.

The Rev. Lewis Hamilton, the first Presbyterian minister who went to Colorado, preached the first sermon in 1850, in an unfinished building in West Denver. Now the Presbytery of Colorado reports twenty-four ministers, twenty-eight churches, and 1,390 communicants.

Mr. Henry T. Terry, of Hartford, Conn., has received the appointment of professor of law in the Imperial university of Japan at Tokio (Japan), and will leave soon to enter upon the duties of his place. Mr. Terry was graduated in the class of 1850 at Yale college.

These are the words of Anneau Austria to Cardinal Richelieu: "My Lord Cardinal, there is one fact which you seem to have entirely forgotten. God is a sure paymaster. He may not pay at the end of the week, month or year, but I charge you, remember, that he pays in the end."

In the diocese of Connecticut, during the episcopate of Bishop Williams, one hundred and twenty-five churches and churches have been built and restored; 25,258 persons have been confirmed; two hundred and twenty-four candidates for holy orders have been ordained deacons, and one hundred and seventy-nine have been ordained presbyters. There are now in the diocese one hundred and ninety-two clergymen and 17,838 communicants.

A meeting of Mohammedans was held at Calcutta recently to tender the sympathy of the Mohammedan population of India to the Turkish empire endeavoring with energy to maintain its integrity and independence. Also to thank the emperor of India and the English people for the moral support given to Turkey.

The California Chinese mission of the Congregationalists has maintained for the year past thirteen schools, in which 1,529 Chinese scholars have been enrolled. In three years one hundred and thirty Chinese have under instruction received through the mission Chinese Christians. Last year's receipts were \$5,929, and the expenditures \$5,857.

A TERRIBLE CALAMITY.—One of those events illustrating the effects of drink more terrible than any temperance lecture can do has lately occurred at North Hatfield. A young man who had agreed to play as clerk in a church at Northampton, Mass., by becoming addicted to liquor and went home to North Hatfield to be a source of trouble to his friends. On Friday evening he came home unusually sober, threatened the life of his sister, and so frightened his mother that she fled immediately.

She has had intimations of heart disease, but this time was unusually well. The young man was taken by the sheriff to Northampton jail. His mother's funeral on Tuesday was the most melancholy event the town has known for many a year.—*Springfield Union.*

WISCONSIN BELIES OF THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

Last week a party of scientific explorers made some very interesting discoveries in the neighborhood of Milton, Wisconsin. There are a number of mounds, which recent archaeological investigation has referred to that mysterious race which inhabited the central portion of North America long before the present aborigines obtained a foothold here. Selecting the largest of these mounds the explorers dug a trench from its outer edge to the center, thirty feet long, five feet wide, and at the center attaining a depth of ten feet. About a foot from the bottom, at the deepest part of the excavation, a layer of ashes and decayed wood was laid bare. A few inches below this was a hard deposit resembling mortar, and beneath were found the remains of four adults and two children. That they belonged to the race of mound-builders is inferred from the fact that there had previously been examined, only eighteen inches below the surface, a complete Indian skeleton.

The other, and vastly more important relics, were eight and a half feet lower down. The first of these, the skeleton of a man, lay with the head to the west in a reclining position. At the knees, near each hand, were two ornaments, composed of the teeth of some wild animal, about four inches long, and having holes bored through for the string which attached them to the wrists. Close by the skull, but so badly decayed as to prevent removal. A little to the south of the skull were four arrow-heads, as clearly cut as if the work had been done by the best modern machinery. Lying around and under the shoulders were twenty-nine beads, manufactured from small shell, and perforated so as to be worn as a necklace. Evidently this was the skeleton of some famous personage, for among the bones of five others no ornaments whatever were found. The child's companions were arranged about him to the west, northwest and east. In the jaw-bone of one was a partly developed wisdom tooth, and most of the jaw-bones and teeth were in good preservation.—*St. Louis Republic.*

HOME LIFE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

One hundred years ago not a pound of coal or a cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burned in the country. No iron stoves were used, and no contrivances for economizing heat were employed until Mr. Franklin invented the iron-framed fire place which bears his name. All the cooking and warming in town and country were done by the aid of fire kindled on the brick hearth or in the brick oven. Fine knots or tallow candles furnished the light for the long winter evenings, and sundel flogs supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells by the creaking "sweep."

No form of pump was used in the country, as far as we learn, until after the commencement of the present century. There were no friction matches in those early days, by the aid of which a fire could be easily kindled, and if the fire "went out" upon the earth every night and the slumber was deep so that the spark would not catch, the alert native remained of waiting through the snow a mile or so to borrow a brand of a neighbor.

Only one room in any house warm and less so of the family life in all the rest the temperature was at zero during many nights in the winter. The men and women of a hundred years ago, as dressed and went to their beds in a temperature colder than that of our modern parlors and wood sheds, and they never complained.

HOW THE EYE BECOMES PERFECTED.

Science gives us interesting details about what the human eye has been and what it may become. The Vistas of India, which are the most ancient written documents, attest that in the first few centuries, but still recorded in history, only two colors were known, black and red. A very long time elapsed before the eye arrived at the perception of the color yellow, and a still longer time before green was distinguished; and it is remarkable that in the most ancient languages the terms which denoted yellow inevitably passed to the signification of green. The Greeks had, according to the received opinion now, the perception of colors very well developed, and yet authors of a more recent date assure us that in the time of Alexander, Greek painters had for fundamental colors only white, black, red and yellow. The words to designate blue and violet were wanting to the Greeks in the most ancient times of their history; they called these colors grey and black. It is true that the color of the rainbow were only distinguished gradually, and the great Aristotle only knew blue and green. It is a well-known fact that when the colors of the prism are photographed, the remains outside the limit of the blue and violet in the spectrum, a distinct impression, which our eyes do not recognize as a color. According to physiologists, a time will come when the human eye will be perfected so as to perceive this color as well as the others.—*United Press and Chronicle.*

"Is that a beautiful piece of music?" said one of Mrs. Cogger's female boarders, as she turned from the piano. "I like it very much," replied Mrs. Cogger, particularly those long notes that occur through it."

THE WOOL CLIP.

The total wool clip of the United States last year was 139,000,000 pounds. This year it will probably fall a little short of this. Yet in keeping up this aggregate, the states west of the Mississippi have increased their production some 15,000,000 pounds, an amount equal to the decrease in the states east of the Mississippi. Thus the better classes of cloth wools are falling off, while the inferior qualities are increasing. It is useless to talk of exporting our wools for the home market, owing to the tariff, is the highest priced. Australia wools bring thirty-two cents in this market, and only twenty-eight cents in London market. But the Australian grower can realize a profit by selling his clip at seventeen cents, while the American grower requires thirty cents to make the same quality of wooling profitable. Hence it is that notwithstanding the high tariff the growers are not luddites because the manufacturers cannot afford to give them a paying price and come into competition with the better qualities of cloths from foreign markets. Last year at the commencement of the clip, the price ranged from forty to forty-five cents; this year it was from twenty-eight to thirty-two cents, wholly owing to the prostration in the manufacturing interest. The general opinion seems to be that the rise of from three or four cents within the past week was brought by speculators, and that there can be no real advance until there is a revival of business in the manufacturing districts.—*New York Times.*

THE WEARY YOUNG MAN.—He always carries a very slender walking cane, wears a stylish derby hat, and sits in the club window with a weary air, as though the world had no charms left for him. He assumes an owl's wisdom, and considers that he's the idol of the ladies. The poor fellow doesn't mean any harm, but unfortunately has taken a sort of strabismic view of life, and he can't see himself in a glass. An idea in his head will rattle like a musket-ball in a base drum.—*New Orleans Bulletin.*

MERCHANT'S GAMBLING OIL.—This standard liniment has been before the people for over forty years, it having been first manufactured in 1833, and it is safe to assert that no preparation in the market has so fully tested the test of time, and been so generally and so favorably received. It is found in nearly every household in this country, and is also sold extensively in Europe. From a very small beginning the Gargling Oil Company has been obliged to steadily increase their facilities for manufacturing and distributing their oil, and now, and occupies magnificent buildings of its own. Much of the success of the company is due to the careful and efficient management of Mr. John Hodge, who for some time has held the responsible position of Secretary, and who is also the proprietor and sole agent for the United States of America, in New York, N. Y. The Gargling Oil is for sale at all the drug stores.—*(Publishing House.)*

Centennial Awards.

From the New York Tribune, November 12. The newspapers have been lately teeming with notices of the various exhibitions, and the public mind is becoming more and more interested in the Centennial. The Centennial is a great event, and it is well that the public should be so interested in it. The Centennial is a great event, and it is well that the public should be so interested in it.

THE RAVAGES OF TIME. Time may have whitened your locks but science can restore their former color. TOTT'S Hair Dye is a wonderful remedy for the falling out of the hair, and for the loss of its color. It is a single trial will prove. Office, 15 Murray St., N. Y.

THE MARKETS.

MEMPHIS. Flour.....\$ 75 a \$ 8 25 Wheat.....1 10 a 1 12 Corn.....45 a 46 Oats.....45 a 46 Bacon—Clear Sides.....10 a 11 1/2 Hay—Best.....18 00 a 20 00 Whisky—Common.....1 00 a 1 15 Robertson County.....1 75 a 3 00 Bourbon.....5 00 a 5 50 Indiana County.....1 75 a 3 00 Haverhill.....1 12 a 1 13 Cotton—Ordinary.....84 a 85 Good Ordinary.....104 a 105 Low Middling.....114 a 115 Seeds—Clover.....8 50 a 9 50 German Millet.....60 a 65 Missouri Millet.....1 75 a 2 00 Hungarian.....1 12 a 1 13 Buckwheat bush.....1 75 a 2 00

LOUISVILLE.

Flour.....\$ 5 00 a \$ 5 25 Wheat—Red and Amber.....1 00 a 1 05 Corn—sacked.....48 a 45 Oats.....42 a 36 Hay—Clover.....16 50 a 17 00 Land.....81 a 81 Bacon—Clear Sides.....81 a 81 Wool.....23 a 25 Potatoes—Irish Publi.....1 00 a 1 05 Cotton—Middling.....11 a 11 Ordinary.....11 a 9

NEW ORLEANS.

Flour.....\$ 4 25 a \$ 5 75 Corn.....45 a 45 Oats.....42 a 43 Pork.....17 50 a 18 00 Sugar.....104 a 111 Molasses.....65 a 65 Lard.....1 10 a 1 10 Cotton.....11 a 114

ST. LOUIS.

Flour.....\$ 5 25 a \$ 5 50 Wheat.....1 19 a 1 20 Corn.....40 a 40 Oats.....204 a 204 Land.....16 75 a 17 00 Lard.....1 00 a 1 05

J. & P. COATS have been awarded a Medal and Diploma at the Centennial Exposition and commended by the Judges for the "Superior Strength and Excellent Quality of their Speed Cotton."

Bad enough to look and feel bad yourself, but no excuse for having your horse look and feel badly when for a small sum you can buy Sheridan's Electric Saddle. One week, which gives in the first two or three weeks a week, will make him look and feel well.

At our request, Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., have promised to send any of our readers gratis (on receipt of 15 cents in postage) a sample of Jobbin's Electric Saddle to try. Send at once.

A YOUTH'S PUBLICATION.—For half a century the YOUTH'S COMPANION, of Boston, has been published. It was started in 1827, and is today one of the brightest and most vigorous papers with which we are acquainted.

The Day Draws Near.

And the excitement in regard to the Drawing of the Kentucky cash Distribution Company, approaching its culminating point. A few days will bring about that great event, that golden shower of fortune. Gov. Porter has large funds of money, and the Kentucky cash Distribution Company, amounting to \$200,000 must make their arrangements immediately. The rush for tickets is so great there is danger that the supply will give out long before the demand is satisfied. Every consideration, therefore, prompts you to buy your tickets at once. Whole tickets, \$12; halves, \$6; quarters, \$3.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, of Boston, is a wonderful paper, having contributed such writers as J. T. Trowbridge, Edward Eggleston, Edward Everett Hale, James T. Fields, J. G. Whittier, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and others. It is a paper for young people, and it is a paper for young people, and it is a paper for young people.

WINTER is now fairly upon us, and the teams are hastening to the lumber woods in various parts of the country. Our advice to every man who goes to the woods, be he captain, cook, teamster, or any other man, is to take along a good stock of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment and Parsons' Purgative Pills. Many months of labor (in the aggregate) may be saved by this precaution.

MAKE FORTUNE!

Grand Extra Drawing, Louisiana State Lottery Co. Incorporated 1868. Capital \$1,250,000. At New Orleans, Monday Dec. 4, 1876.

No Scaling! No Postponement! CAPITAL PRIZE, \$50,000. Only 20,000 Tickets at \$20 Each. Prizes amounting to \$200,000.

LIST OF PRIZES. Capital Prize, \$50,000. Prizes amounting to \$200,000. Prizes amounting to \$200,000. Prizes amounting to \$200,000.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. A large number of agents are wanted for the Louisiana State Lottery. Agents are wanted for the Louisiana State Lottery.

THE FIRST REGULAR

Quarterly Dollar Drawing. The first regular quarterly dollar drawing will be held on January 1, 1877. The prize is \$100,000.

New Music Books.

The Encore, The Whippoorwill, The Shining River, The Salvation. These are new music books published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

Biographical Sketches

Dictionary of Musical Biography. This is a new book published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. It contains biographical sketches of many famous musicians.

THE WORLD OF SONG!

Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. This is a new book published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. It contains a collection of songs from all over the world.

EUPEON!

J. & P. COATS. This is a new book published by J. & P. Coats. It contains a collection of coats and suits.

\$3.00 FOR \$1.00.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER. This is a new book published by The Chicago Ledger. It contains a collection of ledgers and account books.

NEW VILLOX & GIBBS

AUTOMATIC. This is a new book published by Villox & Gibbs. It contains a collection of automatics and other mechanical devices.

SEWING MACHINES.

NEW VILLOX & GIBBS. This is a new book published by Villox & Gibbs. It contains a collection of sewing machines and other household appliances.

WOOD'S

IMPROVED

HAIR RESTORATIVE

What It Does! It restores, quickly, gray hair to the glossy natural color. It has the effect of restoring the hair to its natural condition. It is a wonderful remedy for the falling out of the hair, and for the loss of its color.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Consumers! The great radical improvement introduced in this hair restorative has been long sought for and wanted for many years. It is a wonderful remedy for the falling out of the hair, and for the loss of its color.

WANTED

AGENTS. Send for circular of our new hair restorative. It is a wonderful remedy for the falling out of the hair, and for the loss of its color.

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\$25 to Agents. Sample free. H. A. Hall, Boston, Mass. A DAY to Agents. Sample free. H. A. Hall, Boston

The Republican.

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HER TREASURES.

I keep them in the old, old box
That Willie gave me years ago,
The time we parted on the rocks;
His ship lay swinging to and fro,
And I thought my heart would break, that day,
The picture with the pensive eyes
Is Willie's! No, dear, that's young Blake,
Who took me when I was a little girl;
He went half crazy for my sake,
Here are a lot of rhymes he wrote,
And here's a letter of his own.
Is this his ring? My dearest May,
I never took a ring from him!
This was a gift from Howard Clay,
Just see, the pearls are getting dim.
They say that pearls are tears—what stuff!
The setting looks a little rough.
He was as handsome as a prince,
And jealous! But he went to Rome
Last fall. He's never written since.
I used to visit at his home.
A lovely place beyond Port Lee;
His mother thought the world of me!
Oh, no! I sent his letters back.
These came to me from Washington.
I look in London, Naples, Nice,
At Paris, and among the Alps.
These foreign letters are like gems.
Who could have sent these flowers to me?
I know I used to love him,
Poor Jack—he left at Chancelorville.
The vignettes—all that lot are scraps
I took in London, Naples, Nice,
At Paris, and among the Alps.
These foreign letters are like gems.
Who could have sent these flowers to me?
I know I used to love him,
Poor Jack—he left at Chancelorville.

This is the doctor's next ring.
These faded flowers? Oh, let me see:
Why, what a very curious thing!
Who could have sent these flowers to me?
Ah! now I have it—Count de Twirl!
He married that fat Grosbie girl.
His hair was red. You need not look
You know the head that lock forsook;
You know—but you would never guess:
You would tell you for the worst.
About whose brow that ringlet curled.
Why won't I tell? Well, partly, child,
Because you like the man yourself;
But most, because I don't get so wild!
I have not laid him on the shelf—
He's not a bygone. In a year,
I'll tell you all about him, dear.
—Mary Anne de Vries in Scribner.

THE BORDER LAND.

An article in Appleton's Journal relates a number of surprising and beautiful incidents at the hour of death. I quote the first. "A family in the village where the writer lives recently lost two daughters. The elder, named Clara, died in the winter or early spring. The younger named Anna, died in the summer. Anna was spending her last moments in talking about her teachers and companions, when, suddenly looking upward, with an expression of joy and surprise, she exclaimed: 'Clara! Clara! Clara!' and after a few moments of silence, in which she seemed to behold her departed sister, she died."

Among my memoranda as a pastor, several instances of a similar character are recorded. In a family of my congregation two sons died—the younger in the morning, the older in the evening of the same day. A short time before his departure, looking instantly towards a corner of the room, he said: "I see Willie." He was a child of four years, and had not been told of his brother's death. His father "always believed he saw his brother."

In a family connected with my church a little girl of seven years, an only child, died. Her mother, worse than widowed, had returned to her parents. They were oppressed with infirmities and toils. The only bright and joyous thing in the house was the grandchild; and their hearts were almost broken by her death. Some time after the mother was seized with fatal sickness at the house of her married and only sister, a few miles away. A short time before the end, an expression of indescribable intelligence and rapture came upon her face, her lips moved, and the nurse bending over, was confident she pronounced the name of Effie, her lost darling. Her mother was unable to see her during her sickness or in her shroud; but after the funeral service I was present when the surviving daughter entered her room, rushed into her arms, weeping for a moment, then suddenly raising herself she exclaimed: "But mother, don't cry for Cornelia; I said when I saw that look, I will never weep for you, my sister." The scene was affecting in the extreme.

A pious gentleman related to me the following concerning his own brother, who died about eight years of age: Two days before his end he raised his eyes to the ceiling, as if seeing something which strongly interested him. After contemplating it awhile, he said: "How beautiful you are! how good you are!" then stretching out his arms: "Come and take me!"

Recently a lady, a member of the church in my care, gave me the following account: Some years ago her brother, Russell C., an active business man and Christian, was killed in a railroad disaster. Their aged mother, living in another state, was in such a low and feeble state of body and mind, that it was not thought best to inform her of the death of her son. After some weeks the time of her departure drew near, preceded by two or three days of mental restoration and activity. During those days, at one time having apparently perfect use of her faculties on all subjects, the daughter named above being present, she suddenly said: "Russell is here!" "Why, no, mother, he is not," replied the daughter. But he is, she persisted, and expressed her pleasure at seeing him.

The article in Appleton closes with the beautiful experience which heralded the death of Eberhard Stilling, grandfather of the author, Judge Stilling. Concisely stated, it is as follows: He went one day with his children into a wood. Leaving them he passed on. Soon a light brighter than the sun appeared before him. A plain extended beyond

his vision, white with the light. There were brooks and gardens, and silvery castles. Near him rose a glorious mansion, and from the door came a beautiful angel; but when close by him he saw it was his beloved departed daughter, Dora. "Father," she said, "you are our eternal habitation; you will come to us soon." From that hour he seemed as one enchanted, and serene and happy, soon passed away from earth.

There are some points of resemblance to this in the narrative given to me by the grandparents of two little girls who died. A lady who watched with the younger the last night of her life, said she should always believe the child saw angels. On the Sabbath morning following the funeral, the older sister went into her grandmother's room, and said: "I have been dreaming; I want you to tell me what it means." "What did you dream, my child?" "I thought I was walking in a wood, and my little sister met me and said: 'Come with me and I will show you where I live now.' So she led me along till we came to a gate, and beyond the gate was the most beautiful place I ever saw. There was a great many people there, and little children, and all perfectly happy." The grandmother told her that thinking much about her little sister had caused her to dream; but when the girl had left, the room she said to her daughter: "That child will die." Before the second Sabbath following she was seized with the same malady, a prevailing epidemic, which had been fatal to the first. From the beginning she told her parents she should die; she was going to be with her sister, and live in that beautiful place. They should not mourn for her, but prepare to meet her there. In that happy expectation she continued to her last moments. She was nine years of age; the younger was six.

My store of incidents is not exhausted, but let me turn in another direction. The writer in Appleton asks: "Were these visions the effect of a delirious mind—*regri somnia*—or were they realities? Is there some expansion of the faculties at the hour of death, that enables the spiritual eye to discover the celestial world and its mysteries? Is there truth as well as poetry in Waller's famous stanza?

"The soul's dark cottage battered and beset,
Lies in new light; when, lo! the sun of truth
Sheds his full radiance, and the soul is free,
As they draw near to their eternal home."
Leaving the old, both worlds are in their view,
Who stand upon the threshold of the new.

It is easy to raise these questions; it is impossible to answer them. But it is possible if not to answer them, to contemplate them in relations of great interest.

First. Incidents of the character of those related above constitute a numerous class. Let five or six persons meet casually and converse frankly on such subjects, it will probably be found that one or two of them at least know of similar occurrences in the circle of their own relatives or intimate friends. That one in a hundred years was alleged, it would stand alone, a strange story; but a continual succession, it would seem, must have a ground, or law, worthy of attention.

Secondly. The testimony concerning such incidents is of the highest character. It is given by persons of intelligence and piety, who have no interest in publicity or fraud, but speak of what they have known with reserve and awe. The case is world-wide from the "modern spiritualism," so called. It has nothing to do with the necromancy and imposture of those who seek by their own volitions and arts to call forth "manifestations" of spirits. It is entirely in another realm. It is the observation of facts which are presented to us in the courses of nature and providence.

Thirdly. For Christians there is presumptive evidence of reality in such incidents. On other grounds we believe there is a spiritual world in which our souls are kindred and in which we shall soon be constituent members. It is a philosophical possibility, or even probability, that peculiar phenomena shall occur along the line where two worlds meet, that in occasional, stimulated, exalted states, our faculties may discern gleamings of spiritual reality; or, in other words, such realities may come within the range of our perceptions in their keenest condition. Such phenomena would be supernatural in reference to this limited nature with which we are familiar, being above our ordinary experience; but also natural in reference to that broader nature which is comprehended in the creation and government of God. Do they not, as truly as anything in physics and metaphysics, open a field for legitimate observation, and perhaps induction?

Fourthly. Incidents of the class we have contemplated have a very interesting relation to the biblical narratives. Many wonderful events of sacred history, such as the appearances of angels, the vision of Stephen, and others, may have a normal as well as supernatural character. They may not be altogether exceptional, but typical facts of a more common intended for the instruction and comfort of believers. It is a fair question whether much of our modern Christianity has not been quite too *Sacred* ducean, believing neither in angel nor

spirit; that is to say, anxious to avoid materialism and superstition in religion, and so going to an extreme which leaves little or no spiritual substance on which the soul can lay hold with definiteness of thought and joy of anticipation. This may partly account for some of the *isms* of the times. If it sees not the true, human nature will yearn for a false spiritualism. A little more of the Pharisee's faith, or rather Christ's vindication of it, would help us. The logical effect of such incidents as have been cited, regarded on due evidence as having a foundation in reality, would be to confirm the spiritual testimonies of a future life; and that effect has been experienced.

Further, that effect is consolation in sorrow. It adds richness, definiteness, and if I may so say, a spiritual solidity to the Apostle's delightful conception of the family of God in heaven and earth, named after Christ; and Paul, it will be remembered, had seen "visions." It brings closer to our hearts, it seems to unfold, in some degree, Christ's precious and wonderful word: "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

THE PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION.

Following two presidents the president-elect of the United States will take the oath and enter upon his duties at noon on Monday, the fifth of March next. The precedents are in the case of president Monroe, who was re-inaugurated Monday, March 5, 1821, and Zachary Taylor, who was inaugurated on the same day of the week and month in 1849. The record in the case of Monroe is incomplete, but in the case of Taylor the journal of the senate shows that on Friday, the second of March, 1849, Mr. Polk, the president, sent a communication to the senate requesting that body to meet in special session on Monday, the fifth of March, at ten o'clock a. m., as there would, on that day, be matters of interest to engage its attention. The record also shows that the senate extended its session on March 3, by recesses, until six o'clock on Sunday morning, March 4, when the president-elect declared that body adjourned sine die. The term of United States senators expires on the third of March, but this has been construed to mean until noon on the fourth of the same month. A precedent was established in 1851 which has been followed ever since. McDonald's manual for the use of senators says:

"On the third of March, 1851, on which day the thirty-first congress expired, and on which the term of one-third of the members of that body would also expire, the senate being in session at twelve o'clock midnight, a senator [Mr. Mason of Virginia] expressed a doubt whether the term for which he had been elected did not expire at that hour, and desired to be qualified as senator under his credentials of re-election. The senate thereupon passed a vote of twenty-seven yeas to eleven nays, the following resolution [offered by Stephen A. Douglas]:

"Resolved, That inasmuch as the second session of the thirty-first congress does not expire under the constitution until twelve o'clock on the fourth of March instant, the honorable James M. Mason, a senator elect from the state of Virginia, is not entitled to take the oath of office at this time, to-wit, on the fourth of March at 1 o'clock a. m."

Under this resolution the retiring senators at that time were United States senators, whether the senate was in session or not, until noon of Sunday and no longer. On Monday, the fifth of March, when the senate was convened in session they could take no part in the proceedings, their terms having expired at noon on the preceding day.

That there is an actual interregnum of 24 hours from Sunday, March 4th, at noon, until Monday, March 5th, at noon, when the country is without a legal president, there is no doubt. In the two cases referred to in our national history this interregnum has been supplied. Neither the preceding officers of the senate nor any one else has ever attempted to exercise the functions of president for the space mentioned, and it is safe to say no one ever will. The pay of the outgoing president ceases at noon on the fourth of March, and that of the incoming one begins at that time. To suppose that any trouble will grow out of this hiatus "putting too fine a point on it," as Mr. Swayne would say. President Grant will convene the senate in special session on Monday, March 5th, when the new senators will take the oath of office.

"My dear boy," said a lady to a pre-adolescent youth of sixteen, "does your father design you should tread the intricate and thorny paths of a profession, and straight and narrow paths of the ministry, or reveal the flowery paths of literature?" "No, mamma; but I am going to set me to work in the latter field."

A prudent man advised his drunken servant to put by his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks his master inquired how much of his wages he had saved. "Faith, none at all," said he. "It rained ducean, believing neither in angel nor

OUR JUVENILES.

Wanted—Twelve Pairs of Stockings.

Wanted—twelve pairs of stockings. Come we folks, one and all. Hunt for your knitting-needles, and for a bright, soft ball of yarn from dear grandmother; for she'll show you how to knit the tiny stockings. We'll need them very soon, now. For Huckle, the sky pailor, it's hatched a dozen chicks—Of course they're all barefooted, so we must try and fix. Each one a pair of stockings before the snowflakes fly. Else they're so young and tender, They might catch cold and die. At best, she's very foolish—The mother-then I must—She's not a bit of forethought, The good many quon—She's clucking with her chickens And never thinks, I know, That winter days are coming, That stockings do not grow. So get your knitting-needles, And when the snows are a flow, Send them right on to Huckle, She'll need them every one. When the cold winds are blowing, I'll be rare sport to see. The little chicks in stockings, Each proud as proud can be. —Dorothy Rogers Sherman.

Papa's True Story.

"Oh, papa, papa, tell us a story!" cried little Mary and Emma, running up to their father, who had seated himself upon the porch, and was about to read the evening paper.

"Tell us a true story," said Emma, the little four-year old, as she climbed upon her papa's knee.

Papa could not resist this appeal. So he laid down his paper, and began as follows: "Once upon a time there lived a toad who had but three legs, having lost one of his hind-legs."

"Was it shot off in war?" asked Emma.

"I do not know how he lost it," said papa. "He may have lost it in a battle with a snake. All I know is that he had one hind-leg, and that in jumping over the ground he reminded one very much of a crippled soldier."

"This old toad, being thus badly crippled, was put to many shifts in order to get his daily bread."

"Toads don't eat bread, do they?" asked Mary.

"I mean flies, bugs and such things," said papa, "which take the place of bread with toads."

"He had to use his wits so much that he soon came to be very wise. He used to hide under a leaf, or bunch of grass; and, by pouncing upon unwary flies, he was able to get quite a good living."

"One day he hobbled into a garden, and squatted under a cabbage leaf, hoping to catch a nice large bug for his dinner. But he was very tired, and before long he was fast asleep. When he awoke it was quite dark."

Johnny's Dreadful Punishment.

Johnny had been naughty. It's astonishing how naughty two-year-old babies can be when they try; and Johnny had tried. His blue eyes didn't look as usual, and his hair wasn't as golden, and instead of a bright smile, a cunning—oh! dear, what am I saying?—an ugly pout rested on his pretty little mouth.

There he stood in the middle of the floor, baby fists on baby hips, feet very wide apart, the sweetest—I mean the mightiest—we rebel that ever defied mamma. Just think of it, only two years old, and defying mamma! "Will you be good?" asked mamma sternly. "No, mamma!"

Mamma opened her eyes—they were not as blue as Johnny's—very wide. "You won't?" she said. "No, mamma!" repeated Johnny. "Then," said she, solemnly, "you must be punished. Go into the store-room and stay there until you can say 'Yes, mamma.'" Johnny went, and mamma closed the door, expecting to hear the wished-for "Yes," shouted forth instantly. But, to her great surprise, she heard not a word or cry. Five minutes passed; utter silence. Ten minutes went by; not the slightest sound; and mamma began to grow impatient—for, after the manner of mamma's, she was longing to kiss and forgive her boy.

"Oh! the blessed darling," she said to herself, as the twelfth minute stole away; "the punishment is too dreadful for him. How could I have been so hard hearted? To shut a merry little thing like that in a dark place; a baby, that should never be out of sunshine except when he's asleep; it's too bad." And she flew to open the closet door. "John," as his father calls him, looked up at her, his whole face sparkling with fun. The blue had come back to his eyes and the gold to his hair and the smile to his lips.

In his chubby hand he held the last piece of what, just fourteen minutes before, had been a fine brown, fragrant, fresh-baked loaf of cake. Crumbs covered his face from chin to eyes, his cheeks shone, and sundry crisp fragments clung to his neck and bib. "Good gracious!" said mamma. "Dood take!" said Johnny. —Mudge Elliot, in *Baldwin's Monthly*.

The Boys of My Boyhood.

The boys of the generation to which I belonged—that is to say, who were born in the last years of the last century or the earliest of this—were brought up under a system of discipline which put a far greater distance between parents and their children than now exists. The parents seemed to think this necessary in order to secure obedience. They were believers in the old maxim that familiarity breeds contempt. My own parents lived in the house with my grandfather and grandmother on the mother's side. My grandfather was a disciplinarian of the strictest sort, and I can hardly find words to express the awe in which I stood of him—an awe so great as almost to prevent anything like affection on my part, although he was in the main kind, and certainly never thought of being severe beyond what was necessary to maintain a proper degree of order in the family.

The other boys in that part of the country, my schoolmates and playfellows, were educated on the same system. Yet there were at that time some indications that this very severe discipline was beginning to relax. With my father and mother I was on much easier terms than with my grandfather. If a favor was to be asked of my grandfather, it was asked with fear and trembling; the request was postponed to the last moment, and then made with hesitation and blushes and a confused utterance.

One of the means of keeping the boys of that generation in order was a little bundle of birchen rods, bound together by a small cord, and generally suspended on a nail against the wall in the kitchen. This was esteemed as much a part of the necessary furniture as the crane which hung in the kitchen fireplace, or the shovel and tongs. It sometimes happened that the boy suffered a taste similar to that of the eagle in the fable, wounded by an arrow felled with a feather from his own wing; in other words, the boy was made to gather the twigs intended for his own chastisement.

It has never been quite clear to me why the birch was chosen above all other trees of the wood to yield its twigs for this purpose. The beech of our forests produces sprays as slender as flexible, and as tough; and farmers, wherever the beech is common, cut its long and pliant branches for driving oxen. Yet the use of birchen rods for the correction of children is of very great antiquity. In his "Discourse on Forest Trees," written three hundred years ago, Evelyn speaks of birchen twigs as an implement of the schoolmaster; and London, in his "Arboretum," goes yet further back. He says: "The birch has been used as the instrument of correction in schools from the earliest ages." The English poets of the last century make frequent mention of this use of birchen twigs; but in London's time, whose book was published thirty years since, he remarks that the use of these rods, both in schools and private families, was fast passing away—a change on which the boys both of England and the United States may well be congratulated—for the birchen rod was, in my time, even more freely used in the school than in the household. —William Cullen Bryant, in *St. Nicholas* for December.

GRAVE AND GAY.

Inquisitive Scotch school-board officer to Hibernian parent—"Was your boy born in Glasce?" "No, sir; an' I hope he never will be."

Andamense widows wear their husbands' skulls upon their shoulders as ornaments. What a sense of satisfaction the woman must have who can wear a pair!

"John," asked a doctor of the apothecary's boy, "did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" "I guess so," replied John, "for I saw crape on the door knob this morning."

Edwin: "And now, darling, before we part, how are we to keep our marriage a profound secret?" Angelina (promptly): "Nothing easier, Edwin dear. You have only to behave to me as you have always done, and nobody will suspect it."

An English sect of moralists, calling themselves "christadelphians," have offered £100 to anyone who would prove from scripture that man is possessed of an immortal soul. The Rev. Walter Briscoe, a Wesleyan minister, has accepted the challenge.

More honeymoon amenities—Angelina (who has been pursuing the "births, deaths, and marriages") Edwin, I do so object to that horrid word 'relict'! If I should die, promise, oh, promise, you will not allow me to be described as your relict!" —Punch.

A bickering pair of Quakers were lately heard in a high controversy, the husband exclaimed, "I am determined to have one quiet week with thee!" "But how will thou be able to get it?" said the taunting spouse. "I will keep thee a week after thou art dead," was the Quaker's rejoinder.

A Boston woman had prepared to elope, but when her husband, hearing of her intention, came forward with his check-book and offered her money for her expenses, while his face was illuminated with unbounded joy, she considered the matter and concluded not to go. It took all the romance away.

The good old days are dead and gone; the rich coloring has faded out of the warp and woof of the past, and yet we rejoice that it is still true that a pretty woman can not ride by her lover's side through a tunnel without emerging in a hat that looks as if it had been struck by lightning.

Hewitt (of N. Y.) and Springer, Democrats, and McCrary, Hoar and Williard, Republicans.

—

As the matter now stands, the fiat of the electoral college is irreversible. Mr. Wilson has been constitutionally cleared of responsibility for the United States. It is to be hoped for the sake of the American name, that some arrangement, by the consent of Congress and the different States, will release the incoming President from that part of the odium which has been so unfairly cast on owing his election to the malice of the Oregon Democratic elector. --Boston Transcript, Rep.

We want no President elected by fraud, either in "bull-bug" or in counting. --Inland Courier, Rep.

We are sorry Mr. Hayes was not elected President, but we sincerely think he is not. --Boston Globe, Rep.

Mexico, accept our sympathy. We now how it is ourselves. --Boston Post.

What does Mr. Morrison mean? --Boston Journal. Business.

The Buffalo Courier, noting the silence among Republicans, says: "The [re]cent of the honest Republicans in its crisis is simply phenomenal."

North Carolina State bonds have advanced handsomely since Yancey's elec-

"Stop thief!" "stop thief!" cry the republican papers over the Oregon election, when in their own pockets they find the stolen electoral votes of three states! Consistency—Cleveland Plaindealer.

The Democratic party was big enough to elect a President and Vice President. What is the danger then? That is the question—Indianapolis Sentinel.

St. Louis paper suggests that if somewhat would change Grant's liquor it might improve things.

The New York Graphic thinks the message of the silver bill "the most effective step toward the resumption of specie payments that has yet been taken." And it was passed by a Democratic legislature, too.

The New York Herald is afraid the republican party is going to die in a moment because the President is showing leniency to the "criminals of the currency." It would be well for the party if this were true.

through the bottom of a tumbler, Asheville American.

Whether the South Carolina court might or might not, the snap judgment of a canvasser is indelible.—New Evening Post.

Hayes can only be elected by the legal method of dedicating a probable fraud, then it means let the money be donated.—St. Paul Press, Rep.

It is less Republicans jubilate now than ever. They have nothing to boast of.—Hayes becomes President for the sake of the moral economies that he will and fairly elected.—Indianapolis Rep.

In making of the impeachment of Grant, he said that Cesar had his brains, Charles I. his Crownwell, and Grant would be having anything you'll give him. Louisville Courier Journal.

It is out of the leading Republican organs of Boston agree in the declaration that Hayes has been constitutionally elected President, and should be inaugurated.

At South Carolina circuit judge said that should be cancelled.

What is a "vassage?" asked the New Englander. Tied around the legs of a freed and ascertained.

Mr. N. M. Garrison: "The negro is the Roman of them all." Wade Hampton.

On the 11th of May are the friends of the colored people.

On the 11th of May are the friends of the colored people.

tion, and that the
 to be reconciled with the abolition
 and a system of theology can
 and conditions as dem-

Jackson certainly deserves a
 place in the Lincoln cabinet.
 The changes of opinion in the
 Senate to some one else.
 The great train has reached Boston.
 I don't hear of a few election
 is being rejected, on account of
 holders, who were certainly in-
 as much as any nation?

DEMOCRATS.

They Fight for Liberty? Col-
 on Platt's Opinion— Still
 the Peace, but Dreadful
 the the Storm—Grant's
 Army Powerless

Washington Capital.

ing insurance, that we will
Hayes is inarguable. Ex-
Noyes, of Ohio. Hayes,
friend and adviser, we
pronounces all opposition to
Hayes as Democratic
and bluster that will end in
General County, editor of
Oregon, who is to be
Secretary of war, holds
language in the same tone.
The gentlemen do not appreciate
situation. They are misled
patient forbearance of the

people and the quiet can- Democratic leaders. They the conclusion that because ty of the people, feeling in their right, are slow in ger they are cowed, and only necessary to call out or two thousand regus we them into silence.

pieces of artillery ashed at
Malvern Hill under the
of the Capitol, would not
possible for Rutherford B.
march from the White
to the Senate Chamber,
he to escape the wrath
people and the very men
his support, there is no
and that could be organized
to make his official life
in your snooks; keep back
his gentlemen. Admonish

PIMPLES.
 will mail (Free) the recipe for preparing a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and eruptions, leaving the skin soft, clear and so pitiful; also instructions for producing a curient growth of hair on a bald head or moth face. Address Ben. Vendell & Co. 5121, No. 5, Wooster st. N. Y.
 Dec. 30—Gm.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.

1899. Rev. B. E. Pease, 1036 W. 111th street,
144 Penn st., Williamsburgh, N. Y.
30—6m.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.
GENTLEMAN who suffered for years
from Nervous Debility, Premature Devel-
opment, and other ailments, writes: "I
will, for the sake of suffering humani-
ty, send free to all who need it, the recipe
directions for making the simple reme-
dy which he was cured." Persons wish-
ing to see the author's experience
to so by addressing in person or by
mail to
C. JOHN P. UGDEN, 41 Cedar St.,
30—6m.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA

court of Probate, Special Term,
Dec. 21, 1876.
His day came Charles W. Defreese,
Administrator of the Estate of J.

Deffense, sr. deceased, and filed in his petition in writing, praying as of court authorizing him, as such administrator, to sell the Real Estate going to said estate, lying and being in Cleburne County, Alabama, is therefore ordered by the court, Tuesday the 30th day of January, be, and is hereby appointed a day which to hear and determine said action, and that notice thereof be by publication in the Jacksonville News, a Newspaper printed and published in Jacksonville, Alabama, for successive weeks, notifying all

is interested in said estate, to be
appear at my office in Jacksonville,
Fla., on said 30th day of January,
and contest said application if they
proper.

I. W. CANNON,
Judge of Probate.

23-31.

Wagon and Wagon Making

W. H. & J. H. PRIVETT

Have now and will keep con-
stantly on hand, Barouches, Eng-

and material in the most
 and fashionable style. Orders for
 particular styles of work filled promptly.
 Free description of repairing done
 and repatched.
 All work now on hand will be sold
 at remarkably low prices for cash. Long
 experience in the business, enables them to
 promise much to patrons of neat
 and durable work. Their shop is located
 on the south of Jacksonville.

MONTGOMERY, Ala.
 WE HAVE A GOOD STOCK OF STAPLE
 AND FANCY
Woolen Goods.
 Orders of Goods sent by mail, with pri-
 ces requested. Terms cash or C O D.
 10-5m
 J. E. CARLISLE, H. E. STEWART.
J. STEWART & CO.

WHOLESALE
COFFEES,
Water and Washington Streets,
SELMA, ALA.
Stock is LARGE, embracing all
the Articles to be found in the
Business. Our facilities for
Purchasing and Selling are such, that we
can compete with
Nov. 6, 1875—1y.

Trust Safe.
 R and by virtue of a Deed of
 executed to the undersigned
 by E. G. Morris, on the 4th
 day, 1861, to secure Mary N.
 the payment of three promiss-
 s, therein mentioned, which
 Trust was recorded in Book "B"
 the Register of Deeds, on Pages
 196, and 197; I will, as Trustee
 said, sell to the Highest Bid-
 der, before the Court House
 Town of Jacksonville,

W. A. G.
 GWIN, S.
 Oct. 2

1877.

The di-
 the next

January, 1877.

described Real Estate, to-
the machinery and apper-
tains, to-wit:

the south fourth of section 7, &
of north east fourth of section
15, Range 7, and south
east fourth of section 15,
east fourth of south west
section 13, Township 15, Range
7, the upper halfplace in said
section 13, Township 15, and

which is known as the Morris and Mill, together with all the belonging to and appertaining to said Machine Shop, place said tract containing acres and one half, more or less, bounded and described as following at a rock corner, call house rock corner, thence e. 72 poles, crossing the mill pond to a stake, thence N. 72 poles to a stake in the thence S. 50 deg. W. 20 poles in said road, thence S. 20 poles to a stake in the

the owner of a field, thence
W. 40 poles to a stake at
the Cove, thence S. 55
° 30' E. 1/2 m. to the
thence down the mill pond
orderings to the beginning,
conceded to J. G. Adams, in
satisfactorily said promissory notes
said Deed of Trust.

W. W. CANNON,
Attorney,
Trustee.

Bank and Deeds
AND
Deeds of Trust,
correctly printed, for sale at
Also BLANKS of every
kind.

The Republican.

BETTER

than

GOLD.

This space will be occupied next
by MADDOX & PARR'S
rtisement of their MAM-
PH; STOCK of CHRIST-
S GOODS, TOYS, &c, &c, &c.
cordially invited to call and
nine their HANDSOME
CK.

 **Look**
Here!!

OSE indebted to the under-
signed are earnestly solicited
ll and make payment.
ease call without delay.
Respectfully,
E. L. WOODWARD, Jr.

18, 1876-4t.

ANTED—A good practical TANNER. Enquire at this office.
25-2t.

ANTED—Any number of yearling Calves, for which a price will be given in Country Ice. Apply to
ROBERT ADAMS,
5 miles south of Jacksonville.
23, 1876-3t.

WANTED
50 Sheep,
es and 30 Weathers.
You will be paid for them by
GOODSTOCK IRON CO.
30—St. Anniston, Ala.
COST—A small number of
at Maddox & Parr's, which
now offer at cost, and will

get your Tags cheap.
AN—BRAN—At Maddox
's.
GGING & TIES—At Mad-
Parr's—get the best.
ITE FISH—Large and fat
dox & Parr's.
E APPLES—

Figgs, Raisins, Apples, Nuts,
Candy, Stick Candy, Fresh
SAUSAGE, &
making nice for Christmas at
MADDOX & PARR'S.

B-D-LARD—Large Stock
received in 50 lb. Cans at
Maddox & Parris, who they offer

ion of readers disinterested to the
ment of the *Montgomery Ad-*
To those who wish to keep
ly informed as to what is trans-
the State Capital and the gen-
ers of the State, we can recom-
better paper than the *Adver-*
he latest news through the As-
press-dispatches, the decisions
supreme Court, the proceedings
legislature, and excellent edito-

forget the carrier on New York. Remember that the year of all kinds of weather, he has a week's rest with your paper. Ask him the trouble of even applying at office for it. A quarter is compensation to him, and we hope will be begrudge it. Moreover, he is worth the money.

not remember to have experienced a Christmas as the last thing that still enlivened it turn out of the "Fantasies," costumed and masked most of them, and caused great merriment. In the fun, each one represented a famous citizen of the town, and the roll called elicited shouts of

At the residence of the brides
the 12th of Dec. by Rev. B.
Mr. John A. Ford to Miss
Kellar—all of this county.

men had a party at College
night, which was alto-
gether a pleasant affair.

RE PLEASURE!
Pleasing Entertainment at
ALACADEMY.
YEAR'S NIGHT.
Admission only ten cents.

*Valor Worthy of Mohammed the Conquer-
er's Days.*

ever shot off his own hand to avoid the bullets of the infidel; he might not go forward with great speed; would like generally to trust rather to his rifle than to the wretched tooth-pick bayonet which his short-sighted government, like our own, deems a sufficiently good weapon; but he would never swerve, not even when shells plunged into his ranks and laid his comrades low.

If the Turk and his comrades fight well, it is not because they are well fed or well clothed; on the contrary, their daily bread seems to be about the last thing of which those who bear the rule and authority over them have ever thought. Their commissariat system is even more deplorable than ours; in fact it can scarcely be said to exist. If there are "arrangements of any kind" they may be briefly said to consist of a happy reliance upon chance, and a broad, hopeful trust in something turning up. I was, indeed, felt that themen must have something in the way of good food, and accordingly the bakers at Nisch and Sophia were set to work to make thousands of hard biscuits which it was determined to forward to the troops. To get them there, however, was another puzzle, for there is no Turkish transport service, and in the end all wagons and carts of the country had to be requisitioned together with their bullocks and drivers. Then long trains of these laden with the biscuits were daily dispatched over the rocky roads, and so they have gone on ever since. Dr. Leslie told me that he had found men who had tasted nothing but biscuit and roasted maize-stalks for seven weeks; and he made a present to the army in the name of the excellent Red Cross society, which he represents, of 1,000 sheeps and some bullocks. But what were they among so many? Hardly a "nabob" apiece for the 45,000 hungry men who wanted them. Yet the Turks have gone contentedly on sucking the brick-like biscuit in the muddy water they have obtained from the Mo-ravia valley—sometimes so fortunate as to be able to supplement it with a little coffee or roasted maize-stalks, occasionally with a Servian fowl caught in some deserted village, or a piece of hare which had been shot down in the long fall. But generally with nothing at all.—*London Telegraph.*

INCIDENTS IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

I am assured by an officer of the recent Arctic expedition that exaggerated tales are finding their way into the newspapers as to the experience of members of an expedition in question. A not inapt comparison to these may be found in the scenes played by Baron Munchausen on the horn, which were all frozen, but which were all played forth when the horn was thawed. The sledging parties were the greatest sufferers in every respect as regards hardships and sickness. The composition of one of these and the attendant circumstances results to the other. Lieutenant Beaumont, who serves, he considers, more than the usual notice they have hitherto received. This officer and his party of seven men were so long in returning that a search party was sent to discover them. This they succeeded, and not a month too soon. Four of the party were ill that they could not go on, and the officer in charge was in the direst extremity as to what he should next do. Almost the only alternative left was to leave the four men to their fate, and to push back with the three who were still able to go on. It was in these circumstances that the feeling of responsibility was won with crushing force upon him—a feeling generally so little felt till a man is himself with it thrown upon him, and with the necessity of instant action, mental effort, or rather the mental effort, endured in these conditions, engaged in a few hours the color of his face, and although a young man, he is quite gray, and will thus carry to grave unmistakable evidence of an arduous and conscientious desire to do duty. He stuck to his helpless comrades, and when found by the relief party and his three men were tugging the ropes, bringing forward their falcomrades, two at a time, at a rate of a mile a day. All the incidents which occurred in the polar regions are, however, so serious as this. Here, experience, is one of another sort: An officer who had taken out a supply of gun-gloves one day proceeded, accompanied by another officer, to his house to have a "bout" with the cane. An unexpected though effective obstacle soon presented itself to the pursuit of the noble science. This was caused by their own breath. The pair could hardly mention, was induced to be of the most friendly character, but if they chanced to breathe in close quarters the respired air was a dense cloud of small particles, which, when inhaled by the opponents, resulted in the most severely intended to show one's self had been eluded, resulted in a relief of force, to the mutual surprise of the combatants. No science was under these conditions. Only on your guard until your opponent breathed and then he was at your mercy. Clearly, the north pole will not be reached for prize-fights, and, when entered, we need not expect to find the situation of the "P. R." developed.

My informant was among those who gained their first experience of this in this expedition. The sufferer from this disease he describes as less than any conception derived from notions of it in books of travel. All in of the body seemed to change character and to become discolored of spots, as if it had been beaten away stick. The worst cases occurring among the men who went off with sledge parties.—*The Argonaut.*

Mr. Spurgeon is a very hard working

Mr. Spurgeon is a very hard working man, his time being spent in moving quickly to and fro from the tabernacle to the pastors' college, the schools, almshouses and orphanages of which he is the guiding spirit. He passes his life, when not actually preaching or working, in pony chaise, varied by an occasional handsome cab. Wrapped in a rough blue overcoat, with a species of deer-stalker hat on his head, a long black necktie round his massive throat and a cigar burning merrily in his mouth, he is surely the most unclerical of all the preachers of the gospel. Yet that short, thickly built man, with the shock head of hair hardly yet touched with gray, with ample brown beard covering his heavy jaw, and a thin line of moustache covering his capacious mouth, is the famous preacher for whom, when yet a very young man, no building could be found sufficient to hold his congregation. One plan he has ever pursued during public life. It is never to reply to personal satire or attack. Not even a statement in print that he had poisoned his own mother would provoke the shadow of a reply. More than this, he keeps not one volume; but several in his library, filled with newspaper cuttings of an abusive character, and take particular pleasure in pointing out to his guest the virulent attacks in which he is designated mountebank, buffoon, blasphemer, hypocrite, and villain. His dark brown eye lights up with a keen twinkle of enjoyment as he comes upon a particularly savage onslaught, and he actually smacks his lips over caricatures.

PEARS WITH LONG STEMS.

A story is told of an English nobleman who was entertaining, on his estate, a distinguished gentleman from Ireland. He made it a point to show his guest everything which he considered peculiar or in any way remarkable about the premises, and especially including the products of the farm, and was a little taken back by the remarks which followed the display. Everything was admired and commended, but, upon the whole, he thought he had seen, in Ireland, very much superior specimens; so that, whatever was shown, was inferior to what the Green Island could accomplish in the same direction. The nobleman gave the cue to his gardener to step down into the orchard and hang a few long-necked gourds upon one of the pear tree, when he took the Irish gentleman to the spot and pointed out to him the mammoth fruit. The gentleman was taken a little back by the display, and, commending their remarkable size, he finally said that they had appeared as large as those in Ireland, but they were not quite as long! Our California pears, however, are larger than gourds, and rather resemble Canada squashes.

A QUESTION ABOUT THE BIBLE.

Louisa Plummer," said his honor to a descendant of Ham at the Washington police court yesterday morning, "are you charged by Annie Owens with stealing her family bible. Did you commit the act?"

"Now you got 'er listen to me, judge. I never steal no bible. But at Annie Owens she giv me de Bible. She owes me \$2, she does, and she giv me de bible to pawn, an' she says, says she, 'Now make you can get as much as de dollars for it, an' den I can pay you an' be meuff left to get some smut' an' such.'"

"Judge," yelled Annie, "don't you believe a word she says. Why, you will be wiled, Louisa. Me chaw snuff, me chaw!"

"Take them back," said the court, "Louisa went sadly, while Annie believed in anger, shouting: 'It's a lie, don't, don't believe her. Me chaw snuff! Me chaw—'" and her voice died off as she passed into the hall.—*New York World.*

The voice of the editor of the *Call* (O. Forum) for more warlike appeals upon the press, "that mightiest conservator of liberty," to "send its iron bolts of lightning through the throats of tyranny." And he might have appropriately added: "Terms, \$1.50 a year in advance. Are we patriots or traitors? Wood and potatoes taken in payment that fatters when duty calls for pay, up, pay! Strike the tyrants in power! Job printing neatly executed."—*Norfolk Herald.*

A leading Paris grocer offers for sale all his big macaroni for use in soup which are stamped with the image of Napoleon III., instead of, as ordinarily, the letters of the alphabet. When the macaroni swells the features enlarge to the nose, moustache and profile of the late emperor stands out in startling relief. Republicans complain that, having to swallow the emperor during twenty years, it is too much to ask them to renew the dose.

The humanitarians of London have come to the conclusion that the Italian life bezzar nuisance is sustained by the well-meaning alm-giving kind-hearted. In a late report of the Italian ambassador, reference is made to an Italian boy who some years ago came to England with a performing troupe. Having gained a few pounds he was engaged as an importer of children, and in a few years amassed a fortune.

The climate of south Georgia is as warm as that of Italy. The only change that editors in that section experience when winter comes is to place a paper to the lapels of their summer wear, and even this is oppressive.

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